

# Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 4, 1974 75 CENTS

## THE OKLAHOMA CONTROVERSY

Two polls and two opinions



### WRITERS' POLL (AP)

- 1 Ohio State
- 2 Oklahoma
- 3 Michigan
- 4 Alabama
- 5 Auburn

### COACHES' POLL (UPI)

- 1 Ohio State
- 2 Michigan
- 3 Alabama
- 4 Auburn
- 5 Southern Cal

A man with a thick, dark beard and mustache, and wavy dark hair, is looking directly at the camera. He is wearing a light-colored, button-down shirt with a collar and two chest pockets. He is holding a pack of Winston cigarettes in his hands. The background is slightly out of focus, showing some foliage.

If I'm going to smoke,  
I'm going to do it right.

Some people smoke a brand for its image.  
I don't. You can't taste image. I smoke for taste.  
I smoke Winston. All Winston will ever give you  
is real taste. And real pleasure. For some of us,  
that's enough. Winston is for real.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Winston, 1 mg. nicotine av.  
TTC Reg. MA9-74

# Ideally, every Saab showroom should have a Volvo, Audi, Dasher, BMW, Peugeot and Mercedes.

We think it would be great if you could take a good look at our competitors when you take a good look at us. Because you'll find a little bit of all of them in every Saab 99 LE, EMS and WagonBack Sedan.

## Durability.

You could compare Volvo's durable construction, for example, to our roll-cage construction because both have a unitized steel body of more than 4,000 welds, six strong steel posts and door impact panels.

## Luxury.

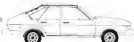
You could compare the interior of an Audi to the spacious interior of a Saab. And you could compare Audi's standard luxury features to Saab's nylon-velour reclining front bucket-seats, Saab's heated driver's seat, fold-down rear seat, and tinted windows.

## Economy.

You could compare the economy of the Dasher (23 miles per gallon in city driving according to EPA tests) to our 21 miles per gallon in the city (according to the same EPA tests.)\*

## Performance.

You could compare BMW's exciting performance features to our



rack and pinion steering, power assisted four wheel disc brakes and fuel-injected 2 liter engine.

## Ride.

You could compare Peugeot's smooth, comfortable ride to ours. A ride that's incredibly smooth and quiet because of our pivot-spring front suspension and a light axle rear suspension that's so responsive, it helps to smooth out even the roughest roads.

## Quality.

And you could compare such extra quality features as four wheel disc-brakes on Mercedes with the same features on Saab. Because both Mercedes and Saab are known for their dedication to precision engineering and automotive research and development. Dedication that has made us both technical leaders in the automotive industry.

Of course, every Saab showroom can't have all these cars.

But you can walk into any Saab showroom and find durability, luxury, economy, performance, comfort and quality.

In every Saab you see.

From \$5,198 to \$6,228 P.O.E.

**SAAB**  
It's what a car should be.



According to EPA test results for 1975 cars in simulated city driving. There are more than 400 Saab dealers nationwide. Price does not include dealer prep, taxes and optional equipment, if any.

# "Today you need an expert to help plan your family's financial future."

*Jim Lovell, Astronaut.*



Let's face it. Anybody who's successful at anything spends most of his time in his own particular field. So naturally, there are a lot of other areas he can't possibly know everything about.

Jim Lovell included, as he's first to admit.

One of those areas is planning for your family's financial security. Especially with the complexities of inflation, social security benefits—you name it.

After all, a man builds up a tidy sum during his lifetime. His home. Savings. Investments. Life insurance.

Today it really takes an expert to handle it.

Like the professionally-trained life insurance representative. Especially one who's experienced in related areas, so he can tie your life insurance into your entire financial plan.

Don't try to plan your future alone. Talk to your Mutual Benefit representative. Profit by his experience.

Jim Lovell did.

## **MUTUAL BENEFIT**

**You take care of today.  
We'll take care of tomorrow.**

# Contents

NOVEMBER 4, 1974 Volume 41, No. 19

Cover photograph by Rich Clarkson

## 16 The Best Team You Never Saw

Banned from television, bowl games and ranking in one of the major polls, Oklahoma is an aggrieved powerhouse

## 20 Don't Send My Boy to Harvard . . .

. . . said Moses Malone's mother. And not anywhere else either, said Moses, I'm good enough for the pros

## 22 Gambling with Their Future

The Los Angeles Rams took a big risk when they dropped veteran John Hadl for a new quarterback

## 24 It's a Woman's World

It is in horse racing, anyway, where two fillies named Dablia and Alles France are beating all the colts

## 28 Back Where They Belong

Lake Placid, where the Winter Olympics were held in 1932, will stage them again—properly scaled

## 38 Marching to a Different Drummer

The ruffed grouse is a siren, luring entranced hunters through clogged swamps and thorn-apple swales

## 68 A Run for Their Money

. . . and maybe their lives. Corporation executives are listening to Dr. Kenneth Cooper's theories about aerobics



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue a year and, by Time Inc., 341 North Fairbanks Court, Chicago, IL 60641; principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. James H. Shepley, President; Clifford J. Green, Treasurer; Charles E. Bean, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, IL and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean islands \$14.00 a year; military personnel anywhere in the world \$20.00 a year; all others \$18.00 a year.

Credits on page 81

## Next week

**KA-POW!** The most bizarre heavyweight championship affair ever, brought to you live (words) and in color (photographs) direct from Zaire, with George Plimpton at ringside.

**LE CROSS-COUNTRY** is what the French call it, and artist Scmpé has taken his clear eye and deft brush to the woods and hills of his native land to show us what it's like there.

**TENNIS FEVER** is rising at an astonishing rate around the country. Singing out Denver as his sample city, John Underwood takes the temperature of a raging national epidemic.

## The departments

- |                     |                   |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| 11 Scorecard        | 65 Hockey         |
| 43 College Football | 81 For the Record |
| 57 Conservation     | 82 19th Hole      |
| 60 Bridge           |                   |

# PARKER 75



18th Century Manuscripts, courtesy of The Art Institute of Chicago

## The Parker 75 Ball Pen and Soft Tip set. Give it to someone who thinks craftsmanship is dead.

Granted we don't make Parker pens the way we did eighty years ago. We make them a lot better.

No question, there's less hand work. But like it or not, machines do some things more precisely and more consistently than human hands ever could. Or ever did.

What about today? Well, take the Parker 75 Ball Pen as an example.

Thanks to modern technology and our decades of experience, painstaking hours are no longer required. Instead, it takes painstaking weeks—three, to be exact, just to make the ball point.

But Craftsmanship means durability, you say. Permanence. In this day of planned obsolescence, are you surprised that we agree? Both the Parker 75 Ball Pen and the 75 Soft Tip are made to

last for as long as you'll need them. We guarantee it. If either pen fails to perform due to defects, we will repair or replace it—free.

In solid sterling silver, the Parker 75 Ball Pen and Soft Tip set makes a heartwarming gift. It is proof in precious metal that Craftsmanship lives on.



**PARKER**

World's most wanted pens

Parker 75 Ball Pen and Soft Tip sets from \$29 to \$925. Ample engraving areas for full monograms.





The electronic Minolta XK.  
It's one thing to talk about  
the future of photography.  
It's quite another  
to hold it in your hands.

Five years from now, all fine 35mm cameras will offer the innovations that have caused every major photographic magazine to acclaim the Minolta XK. If you're at all serious about photography, you'll find the Minolta XK is a camera worth examining personally. For the name of your nearest retailer and literature, write Minolta Corporation, Advanced Systems Division, 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, New Jersey 07446. In Canada, Anglophoto Ltd., P.Q.

## BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

### HITTING THE GREEN AND SINKING ANOTHER—DEAD SOLID PERFECT

If you liked *Seau-Tough* (and hundreds of thousands of readers liked it enormously), you are going to enjoy Dan Jenkins' new novel, *Dead Solid Perfect* (Atheneum, \$7.95). If, on the other hand, you found *Seau-Tough* disappointing because it fell far short of the excellent writing Jenkins does in *Sports Illustrated* (that was my feeling), then you'll be glad to know that *Dead Solid Perfect* is a much better novel.

The two books have a lot in common, which is one good reason why this is almost certain to be Jenkins' second bestseller. Both are about Texas. Both revolve around the escapades of athletes named Puckett—Billy Clyde Puckett, the pro footballer in *Seau-Tough*, his uncle, Kenny Puckett, the pro golfer, in *Dead Solid Perfect*. Both have generous amounts of sex, raunchy conversation and "inside" stuff about bigtime sport.

Both books are exceedingly loosely constructed. Jenkins is less a novelist than a teller of stories, which he strings together with a thin thread of plot—in this case, Kenny Puckett's struggle to rise out of the ranks of golf's fringe players and win his first U.S. Open. Doubtless it is a matter of taste, but I thought most of the stories in *Seau-Tough* were not so much funny as crude, so the book didn't work for me. Many of the tales in *Dead Solid Perfect*, on the other hand, amused me greatly, and as a result I enjoyed the novel.

But the real reason this one works is that its people are more interesting than the grid-iron caricatures of the other. Jenkins writes about Kenny Puckett with compassion. He is a still-young man who has yet to achieve great distinction in his field, who is struggling down to the end of his third marriage, who has his full share of human aspirations and frustrations. How he finishes in the Open is ultimately of less moment than what he learns about himself—and it is very much to Jenkins' credit that he manages to divert the reader's attention to this process of growth and maturation.

*Dead Solid Perfect* also is very good as a golf novel. Jenkins conveys the flavor of the sport with humor and affection. His depictions of the country-club set found on the periphery of the pro game are deft and devastating, and he portrays with nice detail the blood of camaraderie and competition that exists among the pros themselves.

One final note: with the title of his first novel, Jenkins added a phrase to the language. He may have done so again. **END**





## **Get away. Get it together. Get home.**

Sure, living with the folks is okay...  
but there comes a time.

And there's the girl. You've got some  
decisions to make about her. But not  
next week.

And the job. It pays for the car and gas  
and a few laughs, but has it got a future?  
Maybe.

The Marine Reserve can give you  
a breather.

130 days away from home.

130 days to get in shape like you've  
never been before.

130 days to get started in a skill that  
could pay off for life.

130 days to get it together and make  
some decisions.

And after 130 days you go home...  
ready to start the rest of your life.

## **The Marine Reserve.** **The first step.**



Call 800-423-2600, toll free, for the Marine Reserve air or ground unit nearest you.  
(In California, call 800-252-0241.)

# Can you spot the Camel Filters smoker?



©1974 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.



9. Night at the Carnival. And almost everybody has a gimmick. Pick the one who doesn't. 1-2. No and no. It's the former tattooed man and his wife, "The Rubber Woman." Gimmick: They've embraced so much, she's erased him. 3. Nope. He's Moo M. Downs. Gimmick: Pitching show-off. His curve never breaks. . . only his extra-long cigarette. Not too bright! Thanks a mania folder is the Filipino contortionist. 4. Nope. He's Jack Knife. Gimmick: Dives 185 feet into a full-color photograph of Lake Erie. 5. No, he's

Hugh Mann Kanonbawl, recently fired. (They wanted a man of higher caliber.) Either still has black powder on his face . . . or his charcoal filter cigarette is attacking his nose. 6. No, but it's a pretty good fit. 7. Right. He thinks there's enough fun here without extra gimmicks and fancy trills. Likes his smoking pleasure honest, too. Camel Filters. Great tobacco taste without the nonsense. 8. Not Noah Refund, the Barker. Gimmick: Fast sales pitch. He could talk the Wolf Man into wearing a flea collar. 9. "The Bird Man" (not shown). He's away nesting.

**Camel Filters.**  
**They're not for everybody**  
(but they could be for you).



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

16 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR '74

# Eastern's Help™ for the business traveler.

One call lands you a flight, a car and a hotel room.



The same phone call can have a Hertz or other good rental car waiting for you.



One phone call to your travel agent or to Eastern Airlines can get you a seat on any of our 1200 daily flights in the U.S., the Caribbean, Mexico and Canada.

And the same call can reserve you a room in a Holiday Inn, Sheraton, or other fine hotel or motel.



**You gotta believe!**

The people of Eastern believe in doing everything we can, in the air and on the ground, to make your business trip a pleasure. For reservations, call your travel agent, the travel specialist, or Eastern Airlines.



**EASTERN THE WINGS OF MAN**

*From Chicago, Eastern flies to 52 cities every day, with nonstop service to Atlanta, Birmingham, Charlotte, Greensboro, Miami/Ft. Lauderdale, Orlando and Raleigh/Durham.*

THE WINGS OF MAN™ IS A REGISTERED SERVICE MARK OF EASTERN AIRLINES INC.



## Get your banker with one punch.

Or your broker.

Your best customer.

Even your favorite restaurant.

With the 'Touch-a-matic' phone from Illinois Bell, you can dial any of 31 different phone numbers with a single punch of a button.

You don't even have to look up the numbers. Just press the button with the name or company you want to call.

Obviously, you can make calls a lot faster with the Touch-a-matic dialer. But speed isn't the only advantage of this handy phone.

Let's say you call someone who isn't among your 31 "memorized" numbers and you get a busy signal. Or perhaps

you want to call that person right back because you forgot something.

All you do is punch the last button—the one labeled "Last Number Dialed"—and the number is re-dialed for you automatically.

The cost is just \$9 a month, with an initial charge of \$35 plus other applicable charges. And it is available only in the Touch-Tone® model.

For busy executives, stockbrokers, lawyers or anyone else who calls the same numbers over and over, the Touch-a-matic phone can be invaluable.

Call your Illinois Bell Service Representative for complete details.





## Your secretary isn't getting the message.

Don't blame her.

Blame your old-fashioned belt-recording dictating system. It makes you sound like an old broken record.

Your secretary makes mistakes. And you end up correcting yesterday's letters when you should be dictating today's.

**Standard cassettes are the answer.**

Lanier dictating equipment uses cassettes to give you the same high-fidelity reproduction as you get with music. On Lanier, you sound like yourself. So your secretary can type your letters right the first time.

**Cassettes are faster, last longer.**

Standard cassettes are easier to use. Both for you and your secretary. They load with the flip of a lid—like any cassette player. And there's no chance of misloading them so you can't hear what's on the tape.

They last longer, too. With standard cassettes, you get 30 minutes of word-perfect reproduction on each side. And you can use the same cassettes, over and over again. Lanier cassettes are guaranteed for life.



**Listen to the best selling standard cassette desk dictating machine in the world.**

It's part of our complete line of dictating equipment. Everything from portables to central dictation systems. One of them is just right for you.

But don't take our word for it. Give Lanier a hearing. One listen will be worth more than anything we can tell you.

Send us this coupon and we'll send a representative to arrange for a 5-day free trial. Or call Donald Dell at (312) 263-2156.



- ☐ Send your booklet, "How to Get the Most for Your Dictating Machine Dollar."  
☐ Have a sales representative call me.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

TITLE \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

FIRM \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

Mail to: Lanier Business Products, 1 N. Wacker, Chicago, Illinois 60606.

**LANIER™**  
THE HIGHEST QUALITY IN OFFICE EQUIPMENT

C-50-11 4

## Give Lanier a hearing



## This Christmas, buy yourself a golf course.

You couldn't pick a better gift than The Fairway, a sensational townhome development built alongside a 120-acre championship golf course in the Naperville area.

And you couldn't pick a better time to buy than right now. The prices are as low as they'll ever be. The available views are as good as any in the Chicago area.

And you couldn't pick a better townhome for the money. Cathedral ceilings, loft bedrooms and dens, luxurious master bedrooms, optional fireplaces and balconies, full basement, garage, even your own private backyard. And The Fairway has its own tennis courts and an olympic size swimming pool as well.

So put us on your Christmas list. Present this ad at our sales office and we'll even give you a dozen golf balls\* free. It's our way of saying thanks for stopping in and Merry Christmas.

**2 and 3 bedroom townhomes with garages  
and basements priced in low 40's.**

Open 7 days from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. 357-3700  
East-West Tollway to Rt. 59 South 1/2 mile to  
Diehl Rd. Right on Diehl to site.



The Richards Group of Illinois, Inc.

\*While supply lasts



Grant's 8<sup>®</sup>  
presents

THE  
**\$100 OFFER**



a 3-pack  
of new  
Spalding

**ERA-1**

total performance  
golf balls...



**A \$375 value** (Manufacturer's recommended retail price)  
**for only \$100 with this coupon**

To order your 3-pack of Spalding's new Era-1 total performance golf balls, print your name and mailing address clearly. Include a check or money order for \$1.00 and mail this coupon today (before March 31, 1975) to:

CAMPAIGNS INCORPORATED  
P.O. BOX 21  
NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT 06051

PRINT CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

Name

Address

City  State  Zip

Offer limited to one 3-pack per household and valid only to residents of the continental United States except in those states where prohibited, licensed or taxed. Offer expires March 31, 1975. Allow 6 weeks for delivery.



## LOOK WHAT WE DID IN THE DESERT...

Kit Carson was Las Vegas' first tourist. He rode into our desert valley in 1844, stayed only a few days, and we frankly must admit he complained about his accommodations. Today, however, we offer the finest rooms and service as well as the most spectacular stage entertainment. From the snow cap on Mt. Charleston, to golf caps on the green, to the white caps on Lake Mead, outdoor sports is an every season attraction. Las Vegas is a romantic desert oasis designed to delight every sheik or she. We put a gleam in your eye and a sunny glow on your face... you do the rest. Ask any travel agent.



## LOOK WHAT YOU CAN DO IN THE DESERT.







For your free color  
Las Vegas tourist brochure  
write Las Vegas Convention  
Center, Dept. PT, P.O. Box 14006  
Las Vegas, Nevada 89114.

# LAS VEGAS

THE LAS VEGAS CONVENTION/VISITORS AUTHORITY



around \$21.

around \$30.

around \$11.

around \$13.

around \$15.

around \$38.



around \$4.

**Introducing our Beaujolais-Villages.**  
**Now everyone who can appreciate Bouchard wine can afford to buy it.**

For almost 250 years, the name Bouchard Père & Fils has been associated with the finest French wines from Burgundy.

Unfortunately, not all wine drinkers could afford them.

Now they can. Because now there's a Bouchard Père & Fils Beaujolais-Villages that only costs around four dollars.

It has a delicate bouquet and a fresh, light, fruity taste. And since it should be served at cellar temperature to be properly appreciated, put it on the bottom

shelf of your refrigerator for about fifteen to twenty minutes before serving. When you open it, we promise you won't be disappointed.

After all, if we weren't sure you'd be happy with a four dollar Bouchard wine, how could we ever expect you to try the ones that cost more.



**Bouchard Père & Fils.**  
**Our name tells you it has to be good.**

Bouchard Père & Fils Table Wines imported by Heublein Wines International, Hartford, CT

# SCORECARD

Edited by ANDREW CRICHTON

## THE IOC AND THE U.S.S.R.

There was something ominous in the remarks of Lord Killanin when finally he emerged from behind closed doors in Vienna's cathedral-like City Hall to announce that the International Olympic Committee had awarded the 1980 Games to Moscow. "We will try to see that facilities are speeded up, because frequently it takes a long time to get visas," the IOC president said. Athletes who already have run into the strange delays and bureaucratic intransigence of Russian hospitality can appreciate what Killanin means, but they can hardly be reassured by those words, or by another of his statements: "We realize there are restrictions in the Soviet Union, and we did not ask that all of them be lifted." Oh?

Lord Killanin seemed only to add to the air of unreality that surrounded the week-long deliberations of his committee, evidence perhaps of the quandary in which the IOC finds itself in so many areas—damned if it does and damned if it doesn't. Germany's Willi Daume, a vice-president, rushed out of an eligibility conference in a rage, declaring, "This decision will weaken the national Olympic committees and the IOC." He had a point. Rule 26 on eligibility had been liberalized. Athletes could now be paid by the different sports federations for time spent training for the Games and competing in them, yet a subterfuge professing the ideals of strict amateurism was retained. As a sop to the federations, which might find themselves financially stretched, athletes were permitted to exhibit brand names on their equipment—as long as they give the money they receive from sponsoring companies to the federations and exhibit no brands at the Olympics. Curious.

The IOC came out foursquare against the elaborate spectacles of the past and was pleased to accept Lake Placid's modest bid (page 26), but it succumbed to the Soviets' \$150,000 publicity blitz and promises of huge expenditures on the Games that would include 40 new ho-

tels. It also came out hard against the extreme nationalism that has led teams of one country to refuse to compete against those of another. But nothing was said of changing the blatantly nationalistic character of Olympic ceremonies themselves.

The Russians appeared to be genuinely trying to please, although equally enigmatic. Yes, the press would be free, tourists would be able to travel (to certain sections); no, Jews will not be baited or audiences loaded; yes, even South Koreans will be admitted. But at last year's University Games, U.S. athletes were not allowed to leave their dormitories. "We had to take security precautions. The sportsmen should have rest and not be disturbed," the leader of the Russian delegation said.

It is six years to the Moscow Olympics. What seems bothersome now may no longer be a problem by 1980. There are those in the IOC who believe that giving the Games to Moscow will help in the process of détente and that our worst suspicions are just that. Suspicious. Let us hope.

## INFLATION NOTE

In palmier days, when the prices were right and the market healthy, a hat trick in New York's Madison Square Garden would have produced a minimum of a dozen hats on the rink. Last week, after Ranger Bill Fairbairn's third goal, one lonely lid sailed onto the ice. Probably Nelson Rockefeller's.

## NEXT TIME, DEL, TRY HANGER

The horse that most likely will bring the top auction price at the Tattersalls Standardbred Sale in Lexington, Ky. later this month is a 5-year-old mare named Delmonica Hanover who, among other things, won the \$200,000 Roosevelt International Trot both this year and last and, in January, the \$165,000 Prix d'Amérique at Vincennes, France. Toss in 42 other career victories and earnings to date of \$704,999 and you have one of

the outstanding mares in the history of trotting—seventh on the alltime list of money winners.

The start of Delmonica's career was not exactly auspicious, co-owner Del Miller recalls. He went up to Harrisburg, Pa. four years ago and bought her at auction for the almost insignificant sum of \$5,600. When he called his partner, Arnold Hanger, and told him what he had done, Hanger's reaction was immediate and negative.

"Del," he wailed, "why didn't you buy us a good one?"

## RIDERS IN THE SKY

You could do worse than to hitch your 52 bet to the stars, says Sydney Omar, who is a horoscope columnist when he is not touting the astrological signs of jockeys. His best bets for the coming months:

"The Cancer jockey is an ideal rider



for mares and fillies. The rides, though not sensational, are steady. He makes his horse live up to potential, rides to form. He prefers older horses, who seem to respond to his touch. Best month to ride in the money: November.

The Leo jockey has charisma, color and a sense of drama. He is an ideal rider of champions, shines in stakes races, often seems to let down in run-of-the-mill competition. Responds to crowd reaction more than the average rider. Following a losing effort, often delights and surprises with a superb comeback race. Best winning month is December.

continued

# ***Who's got the***

**Q. Who's got the freshest fleet?**

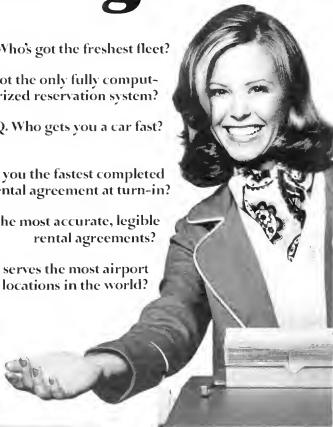
**Q. Who's got the only fully computerized reservation system?**

**Q. Who gets you a car fast?**

**Q. Who gives you the fastest completed rental agreement at turn-in?**

**Q. Who's got the most accurate, legible rental agreements?**

**Q. Who serves the most airport locations in the world?**



# ***Avis,***

# ***answers?***

A. Avis. We replace most of our cars every 6-7 months.

A. Avis. Our Wizard is the most advanced computer system in the rent a car industry. No mistake about it.

A. Avis. With a free Wizard Number, nobody can get you a car faster.

A. Avis. The Wizard delivers a completely printed rental contract in less than a minute.

A. Avis. We use a computer instead of a pen.

A. Avis, of course.

Who tries harder? Who else.



# **unquestionably.**

Avis rents all makes...features cars engineered by Chrysler.

"The Libra jockey has grace and a special touch. He always gives an even race, making his horse live up to form, but never pushing an animal beyond its capacity. Seldom disappoints when up on a favorite. He has real insight in understanding a horse. Best month is February."

In January, stargazers, nobody rides good.

#### THROWING THE ROLL

James Harris, the Los Angeles Rams' new starting quarterback (page 22), always had fast hands, but he believes it was his quick reactions 10 years ago that got him where he is today.

"I had a lot of recruiting offers in high school," he said last week. "I remember this one coach at a Big Ten college. He said he liked my size, and then said, 'Hey, let's go out and throw a few.' So we went down to the field and started passing."

"Man, was he awful. He'd throw one up high and another down by my shoe tops and then one off to the left and then to the right. Finally we stopped, and he said, 'Harris, you really got the good hands.'"

"All of a sudden I knew what he meant. I'd be shifted to a quota position, like wide receiver. That's when I decided I'd go to Grambling. They don't mind taking a black quarterback there."

#### THE BATTLE DOWN UNDER

"It's like pressure you've never seen. I'm sure leading the Masters or the U.S. Open couldn't be worse." The place was the San Antonio Open and the speaker was second-year pro Joe Imman Jr., who, like Satchel Paige, wasn't looking back for fear somebody might be gaining.

In the San Antonio Open? Well, yes. The tournament itself was not so important, but what happened to Imman and a gaggle of other nervous golfers was San Antonio, with the exception of this week's doubles match at Disney World, is the last stop on the year's tour and the last chance to finish among the top 60 money earners. For those who make the cut, there will be no Blue Monday qualifying rounds in 1975. In pro golf circles, playing on Mondays is about as popular as three-a-day football workouts in August.

Ranged close to Imman going into San Antonio were Steve Melnyk, Sam Snead, Larry Hinson, Jim Jamieson, Kermut Zarley and Bob Stanton. Imman was 40th

after the Canadian Open, but a sore elbow had cut him down, and he knew he had to do well in Texas. He tied for 13th and ended 55th for the year. Melnyk tied for 22nd and was 58th; Jamieson tied for 10th and had 59th for himself; but the luckiest finisher—outside of Snead, who had a lifetime exemption—was Stanton, an Australian. By taking seventh in the tournament he landed 60th in the rankings, dooming Zarley and Hinson to the boondocks. This is one time where being low man on the totem pole can feel awfully high.

#### TIME, GENTLEMEN

When the Big Eight adopted the 30-second clock for league basketball games, it was predicted that limiting the time a team might hold the ball without shooting would turn the good college game into a second-class pro show. It has not worked out that way, according to Ted Owens, coach at the University of Kansas for the past nine years, but that fact has made hardly an impression on observers outside the Big Eight.

"The rule hasn't stereotyped the game as people thought it would," Owens told a reporter before Kansas lost to Marquette in the NCAA semifinals last spring. "We feel we have time to attack zones and man-to-man defenses."

In the first season the rule was operative, the Jayhawks averaged fewer points a game than they had the previous season, but not because Kansas was stalling. As a matter of fact, the whole conference was charged with only seven 30-second violations. In the season just past the average score was up a bit. Kansas went over 100 points twice, but it also won two games while scoring 55 and 51 points.

The new season begins in a few weeks. Before it is over, there are going to be outraged shouts from paying patrons who have sat through entire halves waiting for a team to indulge itself in the excruciating pleasure of taking exactly one shot at the basket. Hopefully, the Big Eight experience will wake up college rules makers before the country goes to sleep.

#### TACKY ETHICS?

JFK Stadium was a quagmire. Rain drove mercilessly into the 750 shivering Philadelphia Bell fans, yet three ran Rick Filer of the Shreveport Steamers, gathering in passes as though he were the

original glue-fingered end. Turned out he wasn't. Tack-fingered is a better description. Eber had small thumb tacks taped to his fingertips. The penalty for sharpening up one's pass catching is 15 yards—unsportsmanlike conduct—but Eber wasn't worrying. He was not found out until after he had hauled in the winning touchdown. "We needed the win," he said.

#### THE INFLUENCE-ZA BLOC

Football coaches, on their best days seething bundles of fear and suspicion, might as well concede the 1974 Alarums and Farfetched Excursions award right now to Chuck Noll. Still coughing back his despair over Pittsburgh's 1972 playoff loss to Miami—the Steeler coach blamed it on a flu epidemic begun by "out-of-town writers"—Noll nodded toward the group clustered around Quarterback Joe Gilliam after the team's 30-0 win over Baltimore. "See," he said, "that's what I was talking about. All those reporters from all over the country. They bring in new germs. They get close to our players, and the players get sick."

#### THEY SAID IT

- Homer Smith, football coach at West Point: "You have to be respectful when arguing with an official. I usually say, 'Sir, are we watching the same game?'"
- Phil Maloney, general manager/coach of the National Hockey League's Vancouver Canucks: "I try for good players and I try for good character. If necessary, though, I settle for the player."
- Tom Harp, Indiana State University coach, after the plane carrying his team to Terre Haute was forced to make an emergency landing: "Even football players know they're in trouble when the propellers don't go around."
- Ted St. Martin, Yakima, Wash. basketball player, after setting a world record with 927 straight free throws: "I should have had 1,000. I relaxed after 900."
- John McHale, Montreal president, asked if Frank Robinson's \$160,000 contract to manage the Cleveland Indians had set a new standard for managers' salaries: "Yes, for managers who hit home runs."
- Harry Parker, New York Met, on pitching with Lou Brock on base: "It's like trying to keep water from going over the dam. You know what's coming, but you're powerless."

END

# There's been a change in Charger. It's a whole new car.

For years, Dodge Charger has made a name for itself as a great personal car.

Now, for 1975, Charger is a totally new car—the first luxury Charger, a car that is now both very personal and very elegant.

We've named it the Charger Special Edition, and we've restyled it, front to back.

We've given it a classic grille. A sculptured rear deck. We've given it deep, stately side windows, and backed them up with

optional lowered opera windows.

And inside, this Charger has a lot of personal touches. Like crushed velvet upholstery. Carpeting right up the walls. It even has a digital clock.

And here's the clincher. Chrysler Corporation's new 12-month, unlimited-mileage car warranty.

For the first 12 months of use, any Chrysler Motors Corporation Dealer will fix, without

charge for parts or labor, any part of our 1975 passenger cars we supply (except tires) which proves defective in normal use regardless of mileage.

Of course, the owner is responsible for maintenance service such as changing filters and wiper blades.

The all-new Charger Special Edition 1975 from Dodge. You'll love the change we made.

## Introducing Dodge Charger Special Edition '75



"You'll love the  
change we made."



Extra care in engineering  
makes a difference in Dodge.  
Depend on it.



CHRYSLER  
MOTOR CORPORATION



**Sports Illustrated**

NOVEMBER 4, 1974

# THE BEST TEAM YOU'LL



*You can spin the dial all fall but you will not find the powerful Oklahoma Sooners. On NCAA probation, they cannot be televised, play bowl games or even be ranked, according to one poll*

by RAY KENNEDY



# NEVER SEE



Before the rout of Kansas State, Coach Switzer (at left) exhorts his troops. After it, Joe Washington shows how the team ranks in Norman.

It is as if the redoubtable Fay Wray, rescued from atop the Empire State Building while King Kong was battling down bi-wing fighter planes, went before a news conference, brushed back her frazzled locks and exclaimed, "What giant gorilla?"

That or something outrageously close to it is the position that United Press International finds itself taking these days after agreeing to ban teams on probation from its weekly college football poll.

UPI's new policy might have gone unnoticed except for the fact that one of the censured teams is a big grinning monster that just will not go away. In fact, the Oklahoma Sooners have been going ape all season and, while not exactly swinging from a skyscraper, they are very conspicuously holding forth right up there in the No. 2 spot in the other major poll, run by the Associated Press.

All of which introduces paradoxes wrapped inside rule books. Because of

the stance taken by the NCAA, ABC and UPI and their various awards, rankings, TV shows and statistical lists, plus the fact that Oklahoma is barred from bowl games and network TV this season, the formula for the Sooners' exposure is: UPI can cover but never rank, ABC can mention but never show and the NCAA can list but never recognize.

The situation would be even more outlandish if No. 1 Ohio State were to lose one of these Saturdays. That would give

—RANKING



Linebacker Shoate washes down State.

the rival AP the unique opportunity of awarding a mythical national championship to a team that is by and large unseen and nonexistent.

But shed no tears for Oklahoma. The Sooners are making their presence felt this season the same compelling way that Red China did when it was barred from the United Nations. They keep menacing people. With a smile, of course. Once penitent, the Sooners have even gone so far as to trade their pious faces for an attitude that borders on the carefree.

"They can keep us off TV and ban us from the bowls," says Coach Barry Switzer, "but nobody said that we couldn't win and have some fun."

Against Colorado two weeks ago, the merriment began with cries of "Let's win this one for the UPI!" After roughing up the Buffaloes for a quarter or two, the regulars sprawled on the sideline like so many young gods taking their leisure. One Adonis donned his celebrity sunglasses. Center Kyle Davis flirted with a blonde in the third row. Halfback Joe Washington, taking off the hand-painted silver shoes that earned him for 200 yards, four touchdowns and perhaps a step closer to the Heisman Trophy, strolled to the stands to cadge a Coke.

Indeed, if the team continues to mangle opponents, Sooners fans will not see much more of the starters than the rest of blacked-out America. In last week's 63-0 win over Kansas State, for example, the regular defense played only long enough to leave one lasting impression. Led by All-America Rod Shoate, a swift and punishing linebacker, and the double-trouble brothers, LeRoy and Dewey Selmon, up front, Oklahoma did not exactly tackle runners. They avalanched them.

Quarterback Steve Davis, a licensed Baptist minister, showed no mercy in the ruthlessly efficient way he ran the Wishbone. And Washington, the nation's leading all-purpose runner, displayed his wiggly, flip-flop moves as he ran for another 100-plus yards. "Anybody who tries to cut with him," says Switzer, "who tries to go east, west and north at the same time with him, will break both knees and ankles." Another Washington trademark is soaring over tacklers with a grand vaulting leap that would do Nureyev proud (see cover). A former hurdler, Joe says, "When you can't go around somebody or through them, the best way is to fly over them."

Last week's victory over Kansas State also kept Oklahoma's unbeaten streak flying along at 24, the longest in the country. "I'll tell you one thing," says Switzer, "we gotta be the nation's No. 1 unranked team."

For all his whimsy, Switzer deeply resents "our alleged non-existence" in the UPI poll. Being snubbed, he says, is the least of it. "There are enough other polls around to make up for UPI. Heck, I'd just as soon be ranked in *Playboy*. Besides, the one great criterion is winning and as long as we keep doing that people will recognize us."

What rankles Switzer is the fact that the UPI poll, the votes of a panel of 35 coaches, is governed by his peers—or "biased rivals" as he calls some of them. That is why he views the ruling, which was passed by the American Football Coaches Association in January by a near unanimous vote, as a direct attempt to get Oklahoma. "If it wasn't, then why impose it now?" he asks. "We're the only team that it really hurts. Do you reckon they'd have come up with the rule if we had gone 6-5 last year? Noway. It's probably a good rule. I just object to the timing of it. Lord knows we've already suffered enough penalties."

Oklahoma's woes began in the spring of 1973 when the Big Eight, backed later by the NCAA, put the Sooners on a two-year probation for recruiting violations committed during the tenure of Chuck Fairbanks, who resigned after the 1972 season to coach the New England Patriots. The most serious charge was leveled at an assistant coach, since departed, for knowingly accepting a forged high school grade transcript of Quarterback Kerry Jackson.

Switzer, hit with the sentence shortly

after he replaced Fairbanks last year, complains that as meted out it is in effect a four-year penalty. Along with the ban on postseason play in 1973 and 1974, the eight winning games in which Jackson appeared in 1972 were forfeited and, to accommodate ABC's contract with the NCAA, the TV blackout was pushed ahead to cover 1974 and 1975.

Nonetheless, Switzer believes that in some perversely wonderful way the crisis inspired his young, unsure Sooners "to play far above their capabilities. How else can you explain the fact that a team that was picked for no better than fourth in the conference went 10-0-1 and ended up No. 3 in the country last year? Something else beside talent and coaching snuck in there."

Now Switzer sees his fellow coaches sneaking up on him and, he says, that kind of "additional punishment of the innocent we can do without." Notre Dame's Ara Parseghian professes some sympathy. "It's possible that a coach may be totally guiltless," he says. "But if the problem is severe enough to warrant NCAA sanctions, it's possible he can be playing and winning with recruits who normally wouldn't be there. It's unfortunate that the guy stepping in has to be victimized."

Darrell Royal, whose Texas team has

Steve Davis operates the Sooners machine.



lost four straight years to Oklahoma, takes a harder line. "I resent even playing them when they develop a monster team with illegal tactics," he says. Adds another coach, "I'm darn sick of Oklahoma. One more violation and they can bar them from football permanently as far as I'm concerned."

Without pointing fingers, Switzer says that ranked teams coached by men like Parseghian and Royal, both of whom happen to be on the 12-member AFCA board that drew up the poll proposal, automatically moved up a notch in the ranking when Oklahoma was banished.

Even so, Switzer appreciates AFCA Executive Director Bill Murray's argument that football demands special rules because "it is the only NCAA sport that depends on polls instead of playoffs to settle a national championship. The NCAA does not allow teams on probation in other sports to compete for the title, so we feel that the same restrictions should apply in the polls."

What Switzer does not buy is Murray's insistence that "the vote was not aimed at Oklahoma because, for one thing, there are four other teams on probation." Just how crucial to the standings those probationers was demonstrated recently when UPI listed California in a tie for 19th place. Trouble was, California was

also on probation and a hasty correction had to be made.

As Penn State Coach Joe Paterno contends, the polls have imperfections built into them. "I don't believe in them," he says. "It's a publicity gimmick. No one really knows from week to week which is the best team." In fact, how can one coach on the East Coast evaluate a team on the West Coast that he has never seen? Also, beyond the inclination to vote for your friends, some coaches vote for upcoming opponents to make them look more formidable.

Like their voting patterns, the reactions of other coaches tend to follow regional and conference ties. Bill Mallory of Colorado, a Big Eight member along with Oklahoma, says, "I feel Oklahoma should be rated in the polls. They are considered eligible for the Big Eight conference race and they are not required to forfeit any games. The penalty of ineligibility for bowl games and exclusion from TV is enough."

North Carolina's Bill Dooley, conversely, believes that "if we voted for Oklahoma or any other team, it would mean an endorsement for everybody to go out and cheat, get on probation and win a national championship."

The Associated Press, whose poll is made up of votes by 63 sportswriters, takes the view that "we're not in the business of policing college football. As long as Oklahoma continues to field a deserving team, we'll rank it." Nonetheless, several AP voters agree with Bob Roesler of *The New Orleans Times-Picayune* when he says, "I have very strong feelings that a school on probation should not be in the polls. But I vote for Oklahoma since I'm playing by the AP rules."

Though Darrell Royal may "resent" having to play the Sooners, he is wed to them economically for better or worse. Right now it is worse, for as Switzer points out, "People like Texas and Nebraska are on a form of probation, too. If ABC doesn't televise our games with them, then they're left out in the cold." The Big Eight is also feeling the squeeze. By Switzer's estimate, the conference stands to lose more than \$2 million because of the TV ban.

Has the probation had any effect on recruiting? "None," says Switzer, "because a lot of schools we recruit against are on permanent probation. They're never going to any bowls."

Switzer knows exactly where he is go-



The red avalanche engulfs a hapless rival.

ing in the immediate future, into a \$53 million stadium expansion program and, possibly, independence from the Big Eight. Anyone showing interest in these and other subjects will find it hard to resist the *Barry & Larry Show*, a rapid-fire talkathon in which Switzer shouts into one ear and Assistant Coach Larry Lacewell into the other while sitting in front of a flamenco guitarist in the wee hours:

Barry: "If dropping us from the poll was such a good idea, then why didn't they think of it way back in 1957 when Auburn won the national championship while on probation?"

Larry: "I'll tell you one thing, they ganged us."

Barry: "When they put us on probation, I said, 'I'm a fighter! I'm a competitor! I'm a winner! And nothing is going to stop us!'"

Larry: "O! Barry may be snakebit, but he could hire out as a cheerleader."

Barry: "Whup! Whup! Whup! We could have beaten Notre Dame or Alabama just like that last year."

Larry: "There's an old Arkansas saying: 'It ain't bragging when it's a fact.'"

Another fact is that all three of the Switzers' children were concerned about the time of a bowl game. Greg is their 1967 Orange Bowl son. Kathy is their 1968 Astro-Bluebonnet Bowl daughter. And Doug is their 1971 Sugar Bowl baby. "My wife," says Switzer, "is the only one who is happy that we can't go to a bowl this year." She and Woody Hays, that is.

END

Key figure in the furor was Kerry Jackson.





**T**o the roll of drums, the Utah Stars began to peel away their warmup suits. For 10 days they had been training in rural northern Utah, in the gym of North Rich High School near Sweetwater Park Resort, and it was time to break camp. The only matter left on the pre-exhibition season schedule was an intrasquad game, something for the locals. As the drums rolled on, a squad of cheerleaders swept onto the floor, placed hands over young hearts and began to lead the crowd through the Pledge of Allegiance. On the sidelines one of the Stars, a 6'11" youngster of 19, a few months out of high school himself, covered his heart and joined in. Suddenly, *thunk!* A teammate sent an elbow crashing into his ribs. He gasped, surveyed the other Stars, all of whom were in various

## DON'T SEND MY BOY TO HARVARD . . .

*... said Moses Malone's mother. And not to any other school, either, said Moses, I'm good enough for the pros right now* **by PAT PUTNAM**

poses of nonattention, and quickly became a model of indifference. Moses Malone had been introduced to professional basketball.

Since that moment late in September, if the youngster from Virginia has ever again forgotten that he is being paid to play, no one has noticed. Not that he is tearing up the ABA, or even coming close. He is scoring, but not all that often, and hardly ever when he is away from the basket. His hands could be better and he does not always remember to move on offense, which means he will play whole halves and not touch the ball offensively more than four times. Except when he goes to the boards. There, and on defense, he's been something else.

"He's so quick it's unbelievable," says Bucky Buckwalter, the Stars' new coach and the man primarily responsible for luring Malone away from the University of Maryland last August. Bucky and a bundle of greenbacks, you understand. "One minute he's just loping down the court, maybe a little more than halfway, and then you blink and there he is coming down with a rebound," Bucky says. "He just stuns me. Here he is only an inch or so under seven feet and he's as quick as a guard. Hell, he's quicker than a lot of guards."

Add to that quickness an instinct for moving into position almost before the ball is put into the air, and tremendous spring, and it is hardly surprising that Malone has taken down 65 rebounds in the Stars' first six games. Twenty-seven of those were off the offensive boards. Six games, playing just 195 of the possible 288 minutes.

"There is the matter of toughness," says Buckwalter, grinning. "They know he's young and a lot of guys have really laid it on him, trying to intimidate him. Elbows, knees, grabbing, shoving, the whole bag. And he's given it right back. That kid doesn't back up an inch. I knew what was going to happen, so I told our guys to go after him right from the first

day of practice. We had to find out. They used to kid him by calling him 'the rookie.' Then one day after a rough workout he walked into the locker room and told them, 'You guys can keep on calling me a rookie, but I'm the toughest damn rookie you ever saw.'"

For Malone, playing in the ABA is probably a picnic compared to what he went through the past year or so. First there was the assault by recruiters from three hundred dens of higher learning, most of them bearing gifts. "They dragged me to as many as 24 schools," says Malone with the disillusionment of a youngster who has discovered that the world can be one great rip-off. "Sometimes they brought me in to meet the president of the university, who talked to me like he wanted to be my father. That made me laugh. They fixed me up with dates. Then when I got home those girls called me long distance and pretended they were in love with me. What kind of stuff is that?"

Perhaps the strangest of these episodes occurred when Oral Roberts showed up at Malone's home in Petersburg, Va. and offered to cure his mother of her bleeding ulcer. Roberts left the Malones in no doubt that his university would be a fine place for Moses to play basketball. What kind of stuff is that?

In April, Malone became the third-round pick of the Stars. A high school graduate, no one took the choice seriously.

Then the Stars' first-round pick studied their offer and decided to further his education and the second draft choice was signed by the NBA. In June, Malone complicated matters by signing a letter of intent with Lefty Driesell at the University of Maryland. Meanwhile an Utah new group headed by Jim Collier agreed to buy the Stars from Bill Daniels. "O.K.," said Daniels to Collier. "You run the club, you'll be running it soon anyway. Just consult me before you make any major moves."

Collier decided to go after Malone and figured who could be a better teacher for the youngest than Zelmo Beaty, the team's veteran center who had indicated he would be much happier anywhere but in Utah. Collier offered Beaty \$150,000 to stay; \$125,000 as a player, another \$25,000 to become coach. Beaty was insulted. "If they had made it \$100,000 to play and \$50,000 to coach I might have taken it," he said. "But \$25,000 to coach? No way." Then he left for the Los Angeles Lakers. Now the situation was retaliatory critical.

"O.K., let's go get Malone," said Collier to Buckwalter, who at that time was director of player personnel, and to Arnie Ferrin, the general manager. They left for Petersburg on Thursday, Aug. 22. But first Collier had Dick Sadler, George Foreman's manager who is listed as one of the Stars' new owners, call Malone and tell him that they were coming.

In Virginia, the Utah trio checked into a Holiday Inn 15 miles north of Petersburg. "There are at least six toll booths between where we stayed and Malone's house," Buckwalter says. "Arnie and Jim thought we'd sign Moses quickly and each had brought just two pairs of clean socks. I knew better. I brought enough for two weeks." By the time Malone finally signed the following Wednesday Buckwalter says he used \$92 in quarters for tolls.

On Friday afternoon, Buckwalter drove to Malone's house, picked up Moses and his mother and drove them back to the motel, where they discussed the contract for an hour and a half. The next day, Saturday, Buckwalter drove 2½ hours to Driesell's home in College Park, Md. to show him the contract and as a courtesy to tell him that the Stars were trying to steal his recruiting prize. The Maryland coach was pleasant, but not very, and he began making quick trips to Petersburg himself. Two Washington, D.C. attorneys—Donald Dell and Lee Fentress—entered the fray, first as advisers, later as agents for Malone, and around-the-clock negotiations began.

"It was unreal," said Buckwalter. "We put 932 miles on the car in six days just going between Petersburg and Washington. We had an outpost on a hill overlooking Moses' house. We'd drive up there, park the car, check the layout to see who was around, and then go in. Once we had to crawl through the backyard and we were attacked by a big dog. At

least I think it was big. When you are crawling they all look big."

Finally at 6 p.m. on Wednesday in the lawyers' office in Washington, Malone turned to Dell and Fentress and said, "I've decided to turn pro. You can stop being my unofficial advisers. Be my agents."

The actual signing didn't take place until later in the evening. "Once we became Malone's agents in fact," says Fentress, "the negotiations got serious." At 10:30 all parties said yes, jumped into a car and went to a Ramada Inn at Rosslyn, Va., where Malone signed. In Washington you have to be 21 to sign a contract, in Virginia only 18.

At his home in Jersey City, Gerald Govan, the Stars' 32-year-old forward, perhaps in his last season, heard the news and was dismayed. Govan was worried that the jump from high school to the pros might end in disaster for Malone. "I thought—a high school kid, going to be around a bunch of older guys," Govan says now. "I had to wonder if he'd enjoy it. I wondered how it would affect him. My wife and I debated it. She's into that education thing." Govan grinned. "Then I thought—maybe it won't bother him because maybe all us older guys are really just kids playing a kids' game. Just immature. Then Moses came to camp and he was a pleasant surprise. Sure, he's got a lot to learn but right now he's as good as any college star coming in. The guys don't think of him as a 19-year-old kid. Just as a player. It's a tribute to him and to his ability."

"People ask if all the money he sup-

posedly got makes the older guys a little uptight. No way. It's almost like rape, taking a kid out of high school. He really deserves four more years of school, and if he doesn't get it he should be compensated. The team is doing poorly [at week's end, the Stars were 1-3] and people are starting to call him Super Baby, blaming him. It's not fair. We've lost Zelmo, Jimmy Jones and Willie Wise. Moses is doing a lot more than anyone expected. He's got a lot of poise. He's cool. Maybe too cool. I hope he doesn't emulate the veterans too much. I think we overdo the super-cool thing. I'd like to see him keep some of that high school enthusiasm. It's refreshing."

And Malone? Well, he doesn't know if he's being super cool or not. He is, he says, just doing his thing. "I never was the kind who'd let himself get nervous," he says. "Like when we played the Nets. People asked me about Julius Erving, if I thought about him before the game. Erving is a good player. But I was thinking about me, not him. About what I wanted to do. All you can do is relax. It's my thing."

So far, doing his thing, Malone has scored 79 points in six games. He is the Stars' only 50% shooter, but he hasn't taken very many challenging shots. But all the shots are there. The rebounding is amazing, his defense just a little less so. By the time the class of '78 graduates he'll have four years' experience, and he should be something else in all phases of the game.

"He learns," says Buckwalter. "Boy, does he learn!"

END

On the bench, between Guard Wali Jones and Coach Buckwalter, Malone learns by watching.



# GAMBLING WITH THEIR FUTURE

*Carroll Rosenbloom and his Los Angeles Rams took a calculated risk when they traded Quarterback John Hadl and decided to go with inexperienced James Harris. The test should come in the playoffs* **by JOE MARSHALL**

**T**he Los Angeles Rams have taken the biggest gamble of the 1974 season, and if last Sunday's 20-13 win over the surprisingly stubborn New York Jets is any indication, they may have to hustle a bit to make it pay off.

Five days before the game, the Rams gave veteran Quarterback John Hadl to the Green Bay Packers for five high future draft choices. The Rams' windfall could prove to be the biggest chunk of future a team ever received in one trade, but for the present the deal left the Ram quarterbacking, and its Super Bowl hopes, in the inexperienced hands of James Harris. In five previous National Football League seasons Harris had started only three games. His backup, second-year man Ron Jaworski, had never thrown a pass in a regular season game.

After the slumping Hadl was benched three weeks ago in the second half of the 17-6 upset loss to, ironically, Green Bay,

Harris took over and gave the Rams some much sought-after offensive punch. The following week against San Francisco he completed 12 of 15 passes for 276 yards and three touchdowns and ran for a fourth as the Rams won 37-14. Last Sunday against the Jets he completed only 6 of 15 for a paltry 49 yards, but he did run 12 yards for the first Ram touchdown. Certainly, he seems good enough to take the talented Rams to the division title in the erratic NFC West, but whether the Los Angeles quarterbacking is up to playoff and Super Bowl standards is another question.

The decline and departure of Hadl came with stunning swiftness. After Harris' fine game against the 49ers, Ram Owner Carroll Rosenbloom was asked about his deposed quarterback's status. "We expect John to be with us a long time," Rosenbloom answered. Yeah, like a day.



*Rosenbloom said he wanted Hadl happy.*



Rosenbloom insists that the sudden Hadl trade to Green Bay came about by chance, not design. He had brushed aside other inquiries about the veteran's availability and says the call he made to Packers Coach Dan Devine two hours before the trading deadline was purely personal. But Devine seized the opportunity to make the Rams an offer they could not refuse. In return for Hadl, Los Angeles will receive the Packers' first-, second- and third-round draft picks in 1975 and their first- and second-round picks in 1976.

Rosenbloom sounds a bit like Chill Wills when he talks, his raspy voice heavily sincere as he articulates his words. A favorite phrase is "the Ram family," about which he speaks with emotion. "We feel the happiness of our team is the most important thing," he said last weekend. "John Hadl is human and he wanted to start. But how could our players appreciate and relish a victory if they see a member of their family sad?"

"We would not have made the trade if we hadn't thought it was best for John. This gives him the chance to start immediately. I've been heartick about the Hadl thing all week. It's a gamble for us. I guess the fans will fire me if I'm wrong."

There were a lot of people, including Hadl, who had trouble swallowing Rosenbloom's one-big-family talk. "I'm only mad at myself that I thought it would be different here than with any other team," Hadl told Mal Florence of the *Los Angeles Times*. "They give you this stuff about being a great guy and a team leader and part of the family, but in the final analysis it's just cold business."

And pretty good business, too. Rosenbloom had implied that Hadl would have remained on the Ram bench, which hardly seems to indicate that he is a property worth five high draft picks. Hadl may have been the NFC's Player of the Year in 1973, but the suspicion arises that the Ram risk was carefully calculated. In his first six games last year, all victories, Hadl was magnificent, completing 60 of 93 passes for 13 touchdowns, with only two interceptions. But after that he went sour. League statistics indicate that Hadl's performance in the last eight games would have ranked him no higher than 18th among NFL quarterbacks. In the divisional playoff against Dallas he completed only seven of 23 passes in

a disappointing 27-16 loss. Experience is supposed to count in playoff games, but Hadl was intercepted on the first play from scrimmage and fumbled the ball away late in the fourth period. This year his slump continued.

The man who finally sat Hadl down, Head Coach Chuck Knox, was virtually unknown when he took the Ram coaching job last year. In fact, an L.A. television station could not find any sponsors for a proposed *Chuck Knox Show*. Knox had spent the previous 10 years coaching offensive lines for the Jets and the Lions, yet of seven teams looking for a head coach in 1973, only the Rams made him an offer. It was Knox' first head coaching assignment since a three-year stint at Ellwood City (Pa.) High in the late '50s.

Knox' formula for winning is improving individual performance—"You do it by outworking your opponent"—but he has also demonstrated an uncanny gift for judging talent. Last year he put six new starters into what had been a so-so Ram defensive unit, and it became the best in the NFL. In revamping his running attack he developed the league's deepest set of runners, a group that amassed the third-highest rushing total for a season in NFL history. Los Angeles led in total offense, too, and in the regular season lost only two games, one by one point, the other by two.

Knox' most productive move (he was not instrumental in the acquisition of Hadl from San Diego) was putting Lawrence McCutcheon into the starting backfield. McCutcheon, who prefers to be called Lawrence because his brother is named Larry, was drafted in the third round in 1972, but a slow recovery from knee surgery kept him out of the backfield that year. In 1973 Knox gave him another chance, and McCutcheon fumbled the ball away three times in three exhibition games. But Knox did not give up on him. Ram Scout Tank Younger taped a handle to a football and presented it to McCutcheon for his personal use. Everybody chuckled, but McCutcheon stopped dropping the ball. He started predicting that he would gain 1,000 yards and teammates and sportswriters had trouble hiding their smiles. But despite missing two full games and half of another, McCutcheon ended up with 1,097 yards, the most ever by a Ram. This season McCutcheon already has had four 100-yard games and leads the NFL with

649 yards' rushing. Now he is talking of a 1,500-yard season, and nobody is hiding a smile.

For all his success, Knox' reputation as a judge of talent rides now on his decision to make Harris the Rams' No. 1 quarterback. No one has ever doubted Harris' throwing ability, least of all Harris himself, but his early pro career hardly inspired confidence. It started in Buffalo in 1969. The first headline he got in the *Buffalo Evening News*, on Jan. 29, 1969, read, "A 6-4 Negro QB, Harris, Drafted 8th by the Bills." The pressure was on. An alumnus of Grambling, he was called by one scout, "a black Joe Namath," and in September 1969 he attracted national attention when he became the first black quarterback to start an opening game in the NFL. He was confident enough. "I actually thought I was great," he says now with an easy smile. But he was injured that day, hardly played again that season and saw little action in 1970. The confidence died or, as he puts it, "I withdrew into a shell." After the opening game of the 1972 season Buffalo let him go, and he was waived out of the league. He went to work in Washington in the Department of Commerce's Office of Minority Enterprise. "Things started looking downhill," he says. "I stopped working out." Younger, another of the many Grambling people in pro football, persuaded Tommy Prothro, then coaching the Rams, to give Harris a chance.

With Los Angeles, Harris tried a new approach. "I decided just to do the best I could, and not compete," he says. "I had never relaxed in Buffalo, and it had hurt my performance." As backup quarterback he willingly marked time, and now that he has been thrust into a starting role again, he is not afraid to admit that he feels the pressure. Still, as he says, "Passing's my meal ticket. That's why I'm here. I feel confident when I'm dropping back to pass. I'm not going to miss a man who's open, and there's almost always somebody out there who's open."

Harris heard of the Hadl trade while driving down a Los Angeles street. A traffic light had just turned yellow in front of him, and his foot was poised over the brake pedal, when the news about Hadl came over his radio. His foot never moved, and his car floated right through the light and the intersection. The Rams are gambling that he'll float them as smoothly to the Super Bowl. **END**

*New quarterback Harris was sensational in his first start, adequate enough against the Jets*

# EVEN IN RACING IT'S A WOMAN'S WORLD

*The formidable fillies Dahlia and Allez France not only compete with colts on even terms, they're beating them at their own game* **by FRANK DEFORD**

Propagandists have never been so demanding, as they call for female firemen, governors, Little Leaguers and maybe even equal rights with Paul Newman in the matter of playing opposite Robert Redford. In the midst of this upsurge, it may have been overlooked by U.S. people women that two French equine women, Allez France and Dahlia, are not only competing with males, they are better, probably, than all the horses now racing. One longs for Miss Jean Brodie, returned to her prime, to stand in the paddock and speak to Allez France and Dahlia for all the women in the world: "Lit-tel gerrrrr, you are the *crème de la crème*."

An interlocking jumble of circumstances has created this world of ladies first and second. While both of these splendid 4-year-olds were bred in Kentucky, they have been trained and raced in Europe, where young female horses are not coddled as most American fillies are, and where they have little choice but to compete head to head against the colts (which is precisely what feminists argue should happen with young girls and boys). It is miracle enough that a Dahlia and an Allez France should come along together the same spring, but they also have been racing during a period when there have been no class European colts to speak of and when the top U.S. heroes have been withdrawn from competition with indecent haste and sent to the profitable confines of the breeding shed.

Surely, the great irony in the ascension of these two fillies is that they stand supreme at the moment in good part because of, and not despite, their sex. Nature, being inconsiderate in commercial matters, permits a dam to bear only one foal per year, while allowing stallions to

sow a score or two of wild colts. As a consequence, while the male's place is in the home, where he can make a fortune making love, the filly is worth much more racing. "Allez France," says her owner, Daniel Wildenstein, the art dealer, "is worth 10 times less than what she would be if she were a colt." It is one of the more beguiling happenstances of sport that two champions who did not compete in 1974 both left for reasons of procreation. Secretariat and Margaret Court. Invoking Mrs. Court's name is apt, for Allez France and Dahlia are reminiscent of tennis players. Allez is the trusty Continental clay-court specialist, requiring soft ground and a familiar Gallic ambience to outmaneuver and wear down her opponents. Her only excursion outside France, and that just across the Channel to England in '73, ended in defeat. Since then she has been kept hard by her Paris nest, where this year in five races she routed all comers, including Dahlia twice, and topped off her season with a victory in the Arc de Triomphe. Allez even looks like a homebody, a rather ungainly bay with a big rear end, a somewhat unfortunate nose and lop ears. "She is ugly," says Maurice Zilber, plainly enough, however ungallantly. Zilber is Dahlia's trainer now, but he had Allez France as a yearling when he worked for Wildenstein.

Ah, but the flower girl, Dahlia. She is the pretty, saucy princess who plays the big game on fast surfaces. "She likes to hear her feet rattling," one of her jockeys has said. While Allez is always faithfully guided by the redoubtable Yves Saint-Martin, Dahlia has suffered a number of riders, none of whom pleased her for long. Ron Turcott was the latest to get the pink slip, even though he had

steered her to victory in the Man o' War at Belmont in mid-October, which Dahlia won only three days after her arrival from France. She thrives on travel and popped up to Toronto last week to run at Woodbine in the Canadian International. A win would give her stakes victories in five different countries, like so many charms on a bracelet.

Owned by the half-billionaire Texan, Nelson Bunker Hunt, Dahlia is a dark chestnut, fashionably trim in the rear, hurtling with power in the chest. Down the front of her face is a tapering slash of white, shaped not unlike a dagger, that she tends to brandish. Whether in the middle of a race or merely out for a gallop, Dahlia will suddenly, impetuously, throw her head back, exactly as Paulette Goddard or Rhonda Fleming used to, obliging the handsome villain to mutter, "You spiffine, you're even more beautiful when you're mad."

Britain's horse of the year in 1973, the first filly to win \$1 million (just before Allez did it), the first filly to take the Laurel International, Dahlia is expected to go on the International again on Saturday, Nov. 9. If she triumphs she and Bald Eagle will be the only two horses to win the Laurel classic back to back. And yet, for all this breathless, jet-setting accomplishment, Dahlia simply cannot deal with Allez France. Six times they have met; six times Allez has won. For three of the defeats, Dahlia's camp can muster some excuse. The turf, for instance, was patty-cake soft. But as soon as Allez was named for the Arc last month, Dahlia was pulled out and sent across the Atlantic to toss her head at the American boys.

It is an odd situation, the one filly is champion of all the world save one country. The other, absolutely revered in that country, is held somewhat suspect elsewhere, viewed as an especially capable manipulator of the home-court advantage. Just as Dahlia ducked Allez France in the Arc, Allez France ducked Dahlia at Ascot this past summer, withdrawn, as Wildenstein admits, because "my bad

*continued*

Dahlia (top left) is a beauty and beats everyone except perrot-assed Allez France (top right), whose best friend is a plying sheep.





humor" about her chances was causing him sleepless nights.

Ultimately, it comes to this: Allez France can never, with assurance, be called the conqueror of Dablia until she takes her measure outside France—volleying with her on a fast surface, on a road trip, even on a right-hand British track. Equally, whatever Dablia accomplishes at Ascot, in Ireland, in America, in Timbaktu or Pango Pango, even if she wins the America's Cup and the Indianapolis 500, she can never be called Allez' equal until she beats her somewhere, and she can never be called Allez' better until she beats her in Paris. Lit-tel gerrils, you are inexorably trapped; neither of you can achieve your proper destiny without the other's proper defeat.

Thus, it is cheering to note that the two will almost surely face off again in 1975. The domestic life can wait. "We need victories, not babies," Wildenstein says, and Bunker Hunt is of the same sporting mind. Allez France's present trainer, Angel Penna, appears somewhat sensitive to the criticism that his filly is high-strung, a timid, sissy girl, particularly when she has to travel. Since Penna took charge of her last December, she is not only undefeated but more composed. Perhaps now she will travel.

Female horses are more difficult to keep at top form than males. In the spring, when their sex cycle peaks, they tend to soften up, break down, lose their racing edge. In the autumn they may suffer what are called "false heat" periods. But they do remain more themselves in the fall, and they also get an advantage in weight handicapping. This is a special bounty in Europe, Wildenstein points out, since the colts there tend to be raced harder earlier in the year, which means the fillies are fresher later on.

Wildenstein is a third-generation art dealer and horseman. "Wildensteins are bred for this as trotters are bred for trotting," he said last week at his suite of turf offices in Paris. Though perhaps the wealthiest and most influential art dealer in the world, Wildenstein passes impatiently over that subject. That is his business; racing is his passion. "You must understand," he explained once, "that I am not an owner or a breeder in the usual sense. I am a collector. I collect horses and bloodlines in the same way that one collects paintings or sculpture, or even stamps."

Still, while the Wildenstein blue silks have been raced all this century, they did not reach great prominence until the intriguing, slightly mysterious Maurice Zilber arrived in Paris in 1962 with the equivalent of \$6 in his pocket. A refugee from Nasser's Egypt, he had been the leading trainer in thoroughbred racing there for a decade.

Zilber (pronounced zeel-bare) was born in Egypt to a Turkish mother and a Hungarian father of French nationality who is now a tea taster residing in Uruguay. Maurice is 48, bald and sallow, with a lit cigarette always protruding from his lips. So as not to disturb the ashes, which hang there at varying lengths, Zilber hardly moves his lips while speaking any of his six languages—rather resembling a ventriloquist. This also leaves his hands free, allowing him to pantomime the holding of reins. "When I take over for Wildenstein," Zilber says, letting the reins out a notch, "I tell him: 'You have very bad horses.' 'What?' he says. He cannot believe this. 'Yes, you do.' " The reins pull in. "But I promised him the top of the list in five years, and we make it in four, flat and steeplechase."

Zilber had recommended that Wildenstein buy Allez France as a yearling for \$160,000, but before the filly came to the races he had accepted a new challenge: building up Bunker Hunt's stable. His position with Wildenstein eventually fell to Penna, an Argentine who had left his country for political reasons, much as Zilber had left his. Penna moved first to Venezuela and then to the U.S. before decamping in France in 1972 with his bride, Elinor Kaine, the pro football writer and sometime Nostradamus.

For Wildenstein, Penna is head trainer of an operation that includes 170 racehorses. For Hunt, Zilber is the chief of a stable that numbers about 100 runners, as well as 100 broodmares scattered over France, England, Ireland, Italy, New Zealand, Australia and the U.S. "I think racing is a good economic unit," Hunt said in Canada last week, just after he watched Dablia work out and just before he took off on a jog of his own around the track.

Zilber sees a bit more than economic units. "I think Bunker Hunt will soon have the greatest empire of horses in the world," he says. This revelation may come as a surprise to casual followers of

the running horse, since most of Hunt's racing enterprise lies outside the U.S., and since his younger brother Lamar has heretofore held a lien on the family's fame in sports. Bunker, named by his paternal father, H. L. Hunt, after Boston's hill, is a heartier, stouter version of Lamar, and displays more of his father's acquisitive business talent. Bunker owns three-fourths of the family oil company and is contesting Libya's takeover of his oil fields in the World Court. Unsubstantiated rumors hold that he has accumulated something on the order of 40 million ounces of silver bullion as a hedge against a rainy day. Brokers say this amount could be equal to the combined silver resources of all the Arab nations. Those new business titans may take over your General Motors, your IBM, your Pittsburgh, Pa., but not your Bunker Hunt.

While Allez France has impeccable breeding—she is by the Arc winner Sea-Bird, out of Priceless Gem—Dablia was from the very first crop of Vaguely Noble, out of a durable but unremarkable dam named Charming Alibi. Now, as a reward for bearing Dablia, Charming Alibi is in foal to Secretariat.

Secretariat could have challenged Dablia at Laurel last year but was sent north to Woodbine instead to finish his career in the Canadian International on a dark and rainy day. This year it was cool and clear for Dablia's visit to Woodbine. The Canadian International is a mile and five-eighths on a turf course that coils like a spiral, rolling slightly downhill and across the main dirt course at one point.

Dablia broke from the far outside in the nine-horse field and, under her most favored jockey, Lester Piggott, was taken back—as much as 21 lengths back—behind a fairly slow pace. At the top of the stretch she was still fifth and seemed trapped when London Company moved up on her flank. "I knew something would open up," said Piggott later, and it did. In five strides Dablia darted through an opening, moved from fifth to first and went on to win the race in record time.

Well, Laurel is next. Then a rest. Then the effort to become the first horse ever to win \$2 million. And then, somewhere, sometime, Allez France, out there waiting, in the only world Dablia has not yet conquered.

END

**"This is my first fan letter ever. And it's to a car!**

**Before I bought it, I knew the Civic was great on gas and priced right. But what a treat it is to drive!**

**I could spend hours just making U-turns and parking in impossible places.**

**I don't know if I can put into words how fine my Civic is and how much I really love it.**

**But I want you to know, I sure can feel it!"**

*Ann Fogelhut,  
Los Angeles, California*



For a free mileage comparison, write to: Honda Motor Co., Inc., Dept. 1115F, Box 90, Garden City, California 90141.

©1974 American Honda Motor Co., Inc.

**Honda Civic. More miles of smiles than anybody.**

Since they staged the Winter Olympics of 1932, the North Country Boys of Lake Placid never stopped trying to do it again. Now that their bid for 1980 was successful, the event will return to these proportions

by WILLIAM O. JOHNSON

## **BACK WHERE THE GAMES BELONG**



PHOTOGRAPH BY LANE STEWART

pocked with placid lakes. No sense of tension or immensity, no roar of Sapporo traffic, no rush of Grenoble throngs, no hint of Innsbruck's police battalions. Lake Placid is not a city. Neither is it a gaudy winter-sports confection spun yesterday at the edge of some megalopolis. Lake Placid is a village, isolated and real, far from meddling crowds.

And therein lies the beauty, at least potentially, of the XIII Winter Olympiad: a return to a mountain village setting, a return to naturalness, an Olympics scaled to decent size.

Almost all of the men who have led Lake Placid's patient quest to restage the Winter Games are Adirondack Mountain born and bred: "North Country Boys," they're called. They were raised on small-town notions of neighborliness, loyalty and something elusive and old-fashioned called community spirit.

The major source of energy behind the Olympics bid was a markedly Main Street form of kinetics—voluntary participation powered by the same civic excitement that once was harnessed to raise money to buy uniforms for the fire department drum and bugle corps. The whole town seems to be as committed to the righteousness of returning the Olympics to a proper honest human scale as it is to the merchants' projection of wholesale free publicity, and subsequent business, that will be generated both during and after the Games.

Chairman of the organizing committee is the Rev. J. Bernard Fell, 52, a Methodist minister who was formerly a village cop. About 20 years ago Officer Fell was shot in the stomach by a deranged fugitive who had already killed two people while fleeing through the Adirondack woods. Fell nearly died. When he finally emerged, healthy, from his ordeal he decided that Officer Fell would become Pastor Fell and dedicate the rest of his life to Christianity. Respected and ascetic, the Rev. Bernie Fell has further devoted himself in recent years to bringing the Olympics back to his hometown. And so have many others.

Norman Hess, 52, is a country lawyer, for 15 years a loyal member of the town sports council, a solid no-nonsense attorney who has lived in Lake Placid for 20 years. Luke Patnode, 46, graying and portly, was born the son of a carpenter in Lake Placid, played basketball and

football for Lake Placid High School, once ran the Chamber of Commerce and now is publicity director of Essex County. Jack Shea, 64, is a big, gentle fellow, a longtime storekeeper in Lake Placid who was a justice of the peace for years. A famous speed skater in his youth, Shea won two gold medals before ecstatic hometown fans in the 1932 Olympic Games. He is now the elected supervisor of the town of North Elba in which the village of Lake Placid lies.

Ron MacKenzie, 71, is the retired postmaster of Lake Placid as well as a longtime ski-area expert who was instrumental in getting nearby Whiteface Mountain developed by New York State and was one of the founders of the National Ski Patrol. James (Bunny) Sheffield, 64, has a real-estate and insurance office on Main Street, and was a daring bobsledder, speed skater and barrel jumper in the old days. Art Devlin, 52, runs a motel on Main Street and is assuredly more famed for his exploits as an international ski jumper than as an innkeeper. Vern Lums, 49, is the son of one of Lake Placid's founding families and runs Lamb's Lumberyard. Bob Allen, 50, is manager of the North Elba Park District, meaning that he operates the skating rink, the 70-meter ski jump, the golf course, the airport and the horse-show arena outside town. Mayor Bob Peacock, 54, makes his living as a milkman. Serge Lussu runs the Holiday Inn. And there are many others who have tossed in their talents to help their hometown become an Olympic town once more.

While there is an ordinary sound to these people, Lake Placid is not quite an ordinary mountain village. It is winter-sports-minded to the point of obsession. The little town has all the history and most of the statistics necessary to prove that it is not only a good selection for the Winter Olympic Games but that it is the perfect selection.

Citizens will begin by informing anyone who will listen that the very first gold medal ever won in a Winter Olympics was won in 1924 at Chamonix by Speed Skater Charlie Jewtraw of Lake Placid, N.Y. And they will go on to say that Lake Placid has supplied no less than 64 members of U.S. Olympic teams and that 10 of them won gold medals. And that Lake Placid has the largest instructional program in figure skating in the world; that

continues

The Olympic mantle fell again last week—at long last—upon the peaceful Adirondack Mountain village of Lake Placid. The International Olympic Committee, assembled in Vienna in its traditional setting of splendor and quasi-royal indifference, selected the unpretentious upstate New York town to stage the XIII Winter Games in 1980. The choice was not unexpected. Indeed, it could scarcely have been avoided, for by the time the IOC convened, Lake Placid had come to be the only place in the world that wanted the job.

This was victory by attrition. Still, the logic of the selection is both geometric and poetic—a perfect circle finished. It was in 1932 that Lake Placid became something more than a frozen flyspeck on the U.S. map. That was the year this cold, hick village of just 2,930 North Country folks conducted the III Winter Olympiad. Those were times of simplicity: no more than 331 athletes turned up to compete in a mere 14 events, hand-twined ropes made of real evergreens festooned the single main street and a good time was had by all. Games in those days, even Olympic Games, were something played rather than propagandized. Technocracy and power politics had not fully infected international sport, and the Olympics had not yet been overwhelmed by numbers.

Nowadays well over a billion dollars is routinely spent on the Games, winter and summer, in an average Olympic year. Entire cities are refurbished, even rebuilt. The number of winter events has grown to 34 and, the last time around, the roster of athletes had swelled to 1,130. It seemed that nothing would ever be simple any longer.

But now we return to Lake Placid, current population down to 2,731, surrounded by the notably un-Alp-like prominences of the Adirondacks, whose simple, slope-shouldered old hills are covered with green fir and delightfully

there are probably more accredited world judges or experts on ski jumping, figure skating, bobsledding and speed skating per capita here than anywhere outside of a real Olympic Village, and that the village of Lake Placid has held enough world-championship events to rank No. 1 in the U.S. in that category, events that include Nordic skiing (1950), the bathlon (1973), the World University Winter Games (1972) and the hobnobed competitions of '49, '61, '69 and '73.

And they will conclude by saying that they probably know more about the intricacies of staging the Winter Olympic Games than any other group of citizens in the world. Not only have they experienced an Olympics in the past, they have spent the last 20 years trying to get them back.

"There is not much we don't know about the ins and outs of Olympics—politically, technically, esthetically," says Luke Patnode. "It has been a way of life for most of us for years."

Too true. When it comes to understanding the machinations of Olympic gamesmanship, the North Country Boys are experts. Not counting the 1932 Games, they have tried six different times to bring home the Olympic hacon. Lake Placid began bidding for the Games in 1954, but that year the U.S. Olympic Committee chose Squaw Valley, and the 1960 Games were held there. In 1963 Lake Placid launched a mammoth campaign to get the Games of 1968. It won the USOC's backing that year, then began a 15-month drive to woo the members of the International Olympic Committee. Teams of Lake Placid men took off to visit every IOC member in Europe and South America.

Bob Allen, the rink manager, recalls part of that campaign. "We'd just go in and sit down across the desk from those guys as if we were selling insurance or something. We sent a local minister to talk to the IOC man in Israel and we sent a priest to South America. It was fairly

low-key. One old, old IOC member in Czechoslovakia said, 'I don't see why you want the Games again. You just had them in 1932, didn't you?' We were convinced, though, that we were doing a great selling job."

Norm Hess, the attorney, says, "Everyone was very polite, very agreeable. In Warsaw we saw the whole Polish winter-sports delegation at once in a giant reception room. In Zagreb the IOC man took us to lunch. In Liechtenstein, Prince Franz Josef himself took us through his castle and gave us lunch. It was a very educational year for us."

Luke Patnode says, "We spent \$150,000 on that bid. We had a fantastic exhibit set up in Innsbruck when the IOC met to vote that year. We had this general in the Air Force behind us. He arranged special jet flights from the States to Austria for us. He had a huge cargo plane—the biggest plane that had ever landed in Innsbruck—bring in our big electronic exhibitions. One of them was

# PALL MALL GOLD

## LONGER... YET Milder.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

21 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report March '74.

like a computer. It had 120 buttons on it and it gave print-outs in six languages about any winter sport and what Lake Placid had to offer. It sounds great. It was a dud. Hardly any IOC people even looked at it. What they liked was the slide projections we had of dog-team races and they watched them over and over.

"We thought we were really going great that year. We had arranged a big reception for the IOC after the vote. Our general had arranged to fly in Virginia ham and smoked turkey and salmon. We figured we had it in the bag. By our count, we figured we'd have 14 votes on the first ballot and we'd get the rest—we needed 27—on the second. All we had to do was celebrate."

Unfortunately, the North Country Boys were tenderfeet in the labyrinthine world of Olympic bidding: they got a grand total of three votes and were eliminated after the first ballot. At the reception, delegate after delegate came up to say that he was so sorry that Lake Plac-

id had lost, but that, of course, he had voted for them. "Nearly 20 guys claimed they were for us," says Luke Patnode. "We've argued for 10 years over exactly who those three votes came from." That year the IOC picked Grenoble as host of the 1968 Games on the third ballot. In hindsight, many Lake Placid men think that the Communist bloc switched to France because the day before Charles deGaulle had officially recognized Red China, the first major Western leader to do so. Smoked turkey, Virginia ham and computer readouts in Swedish could scarcely compete with such a magnificent power play.

The North Country Boys were crushed and humiliated by their defeat. "When we opened the box with our big electronic exhibit in it, someone had put in a note: IF YOU DON'T WIN IT, DON'T COME HOME. We didn't want to come home, believe me."

In 1966 Lake Placid campaigned to get the USOC's backing for the 1972 Games,

but lost to Salt Lake City which, in turn, was annihilated in the IOC vote. Sapporo won. Olympic Gamesmen recall that the Japanese made a big hit with IOC delegates that year by giving each of them a pearl before the voting.

In 1968 Lake Placid was turned down again by the USOC in its bid to make this country's pitch for the 1976 Games. Governor Nelson Rockefeller himself starred in the Lake Placid presentation; he promised full state funding for any Olympic facilities that would be needed. "It was a blank check," says Patnode. But both the USOC and the IOC went for Denver.

In November of 1972, after Colorado voters had decided overwhelmingly to reject the Olympic ideal in favor of good sense and a clean environment, the USOC began blundering about in its search for a replacement site. Once again, doughty Lake Placid stepped forward and offered to sweep up the shattered remains of Denver's bid. But the USOC,

*continued*





**NESTLED COZILY** in the Adirondacks, Lake Placid's Olympic venues are scattered within 8½ miles of town. Main sites are the Mount Van Hoevenberg Recreation Area (A), the town (B) and Whiteface Mountain Ski Area (C). Spotted around the valley are sites for biathlon (1), Nordic events (2), bobsled and luge

runs (3), indoor curling rink (4), ski-jumping complex (5), speed skating stadium (6), hockey and figure skating arena (7), Olympic arena and convention center (8), Olympic Village (9), International Olympic Committee headquarters (10), restaurants, shops and public housing (11) and the Alpine ski areas (12).

led by President Cliff Buck of Denver, insisted that Salt Lake City be the U.S. representative. Arms were twisted, and Salt Lake agreed to bid. Unfortunately, the state of Utah really wasn't enthusiastic about hosting the Olympics, and when both the mayor of Salt Lake City and the governor of Utah declared that they would not spend a penny to boost the Games, the USOC was left once more without a viable bidder. With just five days left before the IOC was to vote in Lausanne on a new site for '76, the USOC turned to Lake Placid. Hat in hand, it implored the North Country Boys to save America's face by appearing in Lausanne with at least a token bid to stage the Olympics in the U.S. during the bicentennial anniversary. Showing good grace and patriotism well beyond the call, Lake Placid agreed.

Once more, the Boys lost, this time to Innsbruck, but even with a scant five days for preparation they managed to pull together a presentation that was impressive enough for Lord Killanin, the IOC president, to tell Norm Hess, "We'll be looking forward to seeing you with a bid for 1980."

It is probable that there never has been an Olympic bid better prepared and more soundly based than the one Lake Placid brought to Vienna last week. For one thing, it was realistic—even honest. There was none of the obfuscation and exaggeration that Denver dealt in when

it blithely reported to the IOC that its Alpine events would be held on Mount Senkai, a totally undeveloped slope whose snow cover was suspect, and that its cross-country skiing would be run in the suburb of Evergreen, a community that promptly raised hell when it heard the news.

Before presenting the bid, Lake Placid arranged for the backing of such powerful environmental groups as the Sierra Club and the Adirondack Mountain Club, as well as absolute support from the New York Environmental Controls Commission and the state legislature. The U.S. Congress passed a resolution backing Lake Placid, and strong letters from both the Governor of New York and the President of the U.S. went out to Lord Killanin and all IOC delegates. To demonstrate public backing, Lake Placid held a local Olympic referendum in October, 1973. The Games won 726 to 576.

Lake Placid already has many of the facilities it needs for the Games, including cross-country ski and biathlon trails, a 70-meter jump, a 2,200-seat figure skating arena, a functioning, FIS-approved Alpine ski slope (the state-operated Whiteface ski area offers a 3,212-foot vertical drop, greatest in the East) and the only bobsled run in North America. No proposed venue is more than 8½ miles from the center of Lake Placid. People traveled 65 miles between sites in Grenoble, 45 in Sapporo, and Denver planned to spread the Olympics all over the

Rocky Mountains, with the skating events in Denver and the Alpine competition in Vail, 115 miles over the mountains.

Lake Placid still must build a 90-meter ski jump, a stadium for opening and closing ceremonies, a press administration building, another figure skating and hockey arena, an Olympic Village and refrigerate its speed skating track. It must install a network of snow-making equipment on the windy upper reaches of Whiteface to insure adequate snow cover for the proposed downhill courses. Some new skilifts, trails, spectator stands and parking areas also will have to be constructed.

All told, the Lake Placid Olympic committee figures that it will have to spend \$30 million to put on the 1980 Games. The estimate is probably low; Sapporo spent \$700 million, Grenoble \$400 million. Nevertheless, the slogan for the Adirondack Olympics could well be: *Think Small*. A low budget, plus low-key production is the basic philosophy. The breakdown of the costs as now estimated reads: \$1,400,000 for improvement to existing facilities, \$2,400,000 for administration and \$23 million for new construction that includes \$6 million for the Olympic Village apartments, \$1,500,000 for a speed skating track, \$1 million for a 90-meter ski jump, \$4 million for an indoor skating arena, \$8 million for the snow-making and other work on Whiteface.

*continued*





Of all the airlines in the world  
only one can fly you around the U.S.  
and around the world.

Last year TWA flew over 14 million passengers to 57 cities all over the world. We fly to most major American cities and 22 key destinations overseas.

So whatever your destination, whether it's a business trip to San Francisco or New York, or a family vacation to Europe or the Orient, it's a good bet that TWA and your Travel Agent can get you there.



# 1975 VEGA. ECONOMY PLUS.

You've always expected economy from a Vega. This year Vega introduces Economy Plus.

Vega is a sporty little car that's comfortable and fun to drive, and shouldn't cost you a lot to own and operate.

Economy Plus is a happy combination of Vega's roadability, quality, range and roominess—plus a collection of interrelated engineering improvements designed to help make your 1975 Vega more economical to operate.

These improvements include a High Energy Ignition system, catalytic

converter and the use of unleaded gasoline in all 1975 Vega engines.

Working together, they help clean the air and help save you money on day-to-day operating expenses like spark plugs, oil changes and other related maintenance items.

Which means that, while still delivering the good gasoline mileage you expect from a Vega, the 1975 Vega is designed to cost you less in overall operation than the 1974 Vega did.

But Economy Plus means a lot more. This year Vega offers new available options like an AM/FM Stereo radio, an auxiliary lighting package and

Comfortilt steering wheel.

Vega also offers a wide selection of models to choose from, including a Notchback, Notchback LX, Hatchback, Wagon, and Estate Wagon.

Read on, and we think you'll agree. For small-car buyers, the 1975 Vega's Economy Plus story makes sense.

## **Surer starting.**

High Energy Ignition, standard on all 1975 Vegas,

develops a spark that's up to 85° hotter than the spark of conventional ignition systems.

Our goal in introducing this hotter spark was

to make it possible for you to approach your Vega with greater confidence on wet or cold mornings, and also to get more efficient combustion at all engine speeds, after warm-up.

## **Better performance.**

Clearly, all 1975 Vegas, with their surer starts and hotter ignition, are designed to be noticeably better performers than cars of the past few years.

And with the catalytic converter now taking over most of the emission control job, Vega engines concentrate on



delivering smooth, responsive, efficient performance.

## **Fewer and simpler tune-ups.**

With High Energy Ignition, there are no points or ignition condenser to replace. Spark plugs should now last



up to 22,500 miles, instead of lasting 6,000 miles.

Tune-ups, as we've known



them, will be simpler and further apart, due to less frequent adjustment of timing and replacement of plugs.

**More miles between oil changes and chassis lubes.**

For 1975 Vega's recommended maintenance schedule has been extended as follows: *Oil change and chassis lube* — every six months or 7,500 miles. *Oil filter change* — first 7,500 miles, then every 15,000. *Automatic transmission fluid change* every 30,000 miles.

**All that and cleaner air.**

With Chevrolet's catalytic converter, we've met the new Federal emission reductions: Exhaust hydrocarbons down 50% from 1974, carbon monoxide reduced 46% from 1974.

**We'll keep adding to your knowledge.**

The engineering facts and figures we have at this writing support what we're telling you. However, as we get deeper into the model year, we'll be able to report even more specific information than we can now. So as we expand our knowledge we'll be able to expand yours, too.

**Economy Plus?**

In reading about engineering improvements, we hope you won't lose sight of the fact that operating economy isn't Vega's only strong point.

Vega offers economy plus roadability, roominess and the cruising range of a

16-gallon gas tank.

You can take your pick of five Vega models, plus the extra sporty GT package.

There are new colors, new fabrics, new available options to order.

Next ad, you'll be hearing a lot more about these aspects of Vega's Economy Plus.

In the meantime, we'd like to suggest that you visit your Chevrolet dealer's, and see what it's like to drive a winner.



**CHEVROLET  
MAKES SENSE  
FOR AMERICA**

**Chevrolet**



## The idea is to send $\frac{1}{4}$ million conversations at one time.

Americans make over 3½ billion interstate calls each year.

And that number of calls will more than triple by the mid-1980's.

How will the Bell System handle this dramatically increased demand?

Part of the answer may be millimeter waveguide, a new high-capacity transmission system being developed by Western Electric and Bell Labs.

Harnessing radio waves only a few millimeters long, this system can carry 233,000 conversations at one time, through mile after mile of copper-lined tubing just 2½ inches in diameter.



But to work satisfactorily, the tubing must be near-perfect. So the people at Western Electric helped develop the know-how to make the most precise tubing in the world.

Which, in itself, may not set the world back on its heels. But the partnership of Bell Labs' innovativeness, your Bell Telephone Company's needs and Western Electric's manufacturing capabilities adds up to this simple thought:

Your call may be only one in 3½ billion. But we're doing everything we can to help it on its way.



**Western Electric**

We make things that bring people closer.

Lake Placid is situated in Adirondack State Park, an area that long has been rigidly controlled by the state as a "forever wild" preserve. Thus not only increases the ecological restrictions but allows for relatively routine New York funding of many of the improvements, such as refrigeration of the bobsled run, work on the cross-country and ski runs, building new parking and spectator areas, plus the snow-making equipment. Some of these facilities would have been improved anyway as part of an expanding state recreational program.

The Lake Placid committee figures that New York State will spend about \$10 million on the Olympics and that the Federal Government will contribute about \$20 million. And while no funding bills have passed Congress yet, New York Senator Jacob Javits has said he will introduce the appropriations legislation when it is necessary. Although some may doubt easy passage of such financing in these days of economic uncertainty, one must note that even the totally fabled-up Games of Denver had received a Congressional guarantee of at least \$15.5 million in Federal money before they went down in referendum flames.

The Rev. Bernie Fell is a man who has learned from all his years of bruises and bumps in unsuccessful Olympic campaigns to be essentially pessimistic, although he is by nature an evangelist. Fell said, not long before the IOC was due to vote, "I would not for one second predict that the IOC will select Lake Placid for 1980. However, we have left nothing unturned that I know of. Funding has traditionally been the biggest public headache in the Olympics, but behind that is always the question of preserving the environment. We have gone far out of our way to guarantee full protection. As for the money, I remember that a Soviet member of the IOC, Mr. Adrianov, asked me not long ago, 'How can a tiny place with only 3,000 people expect to put on a grand spectacular like the Olympic Games?' And I said, 'Sir, I have confidence that my government is the kind of government that backs its commitments.' And I believe that."

"I also believe that the time has come to return from the spectacular to the human-sized Games. Yes, we do need a certain amount of circus atmosphere to an Olympics. You can't expect gold-medal

winners to have to run down the middle of the street to show people what they have won. No, you need some spectacle, if for no other reason than as a forum for recognition. But, you know, the Winter Olympics haven't grown much in terms of competitors in the past 20 years. Television is the way people see the Olympics. We don't want a million people to come to our town to see the Games. We don't want 5,000 members of the press. We want to keep it all in scale. Why shouldn't the Olympic Games be held in a mountain village? They are just games. We're not going to have a lot of big black cars and cocktail parties, we're not able to entertain on the scale of Roman emperors, which is what some IOC people see as the purpose of Olympics. We think the Games should be low-key, like they were 40 years ago."

So the circle is now to be completed. Lake Placid's Games of 1932 were simple and warm, cozy in contrast to the sprawling extravaganzas that have come since.

The whole show cost \$1.2 million. There were no Alpine skiing events then. Indeed, there were only 12 events for men, one for women, one for both (figure skating pairs). The dimpled Sonja Henie, the most famous Olympian of them all, was just 19 that year and won her second figure-skating medal. The U.S. team was good that year, winning six gold medals, the best it has ever done in a Winter Games.

Jack Shea, then a rosy-cheeked hometown hero, became the No. 1 American performer with gold medals in the 500 meter and the 1,500-meter speed-skating events. He is an open, congenial man, but he also carries a certain small-town caution about him, the kind often found in storekeepers who have seen both good times and hard. "I was never really against having the Olympics here again," he says. "After all, Lake Placid has been living and thriving for more than 40 years on our reputation from 1932. We would have been a wide spot in the road had it not been for the Games. But I didn't want it to cause us to go into debt. You know, the town floated a \$350,000 bond issue in 1930 to pay for the Games then, and we didn't pay that darn thing off until nearly 10 years ago. I just didn't want to have this town get a reputation for a lot of bonded indebtedness, so I was not wholeheartedly behind the campaign un-

til I saw we could do it without big debts."

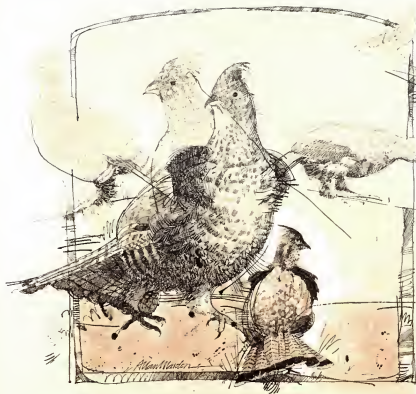
Today there is no one in Lake Placid more enthusiastic about the Games than Shea. "We have done so little in this country for the amateur athlete," he says. "Now we have the chance. With the Olympic facilities we'll have here, we can have a full-scale winter-sports training center. There'll be nothing like it in the country, maybe not in the world. We can finally begin to give something back to our athletes with these facilities. We have colleges around here, too, and we'll arrange courses in the psychology of competition, in physical education. We want to return the Olympics to the athlete, we want to return sports to the athlete. We aren't just trying to get a one-shot, one-week show from our Olympics, we're tying our whole future to it."

The proposed winter training center also would enable Lake Placid to become one of three or four alternating Olympic sites if the IOC ever makes the wise and inevitable decision to hold the Games every 16 years at the same site. However, the 1980 Olympics alone will bring an economic windfall to the area. Northern New York State has long been a depressed region: Lake Placid's own Essex County had the terrible unemployment rate of 16.6% last year.

A study on just what economic impact the Olympics might have on the region was concluded recently by a group of professionals at the state college in Plattsburgh. Among other things, they predicted that the Games themselves, through construction expenditures and tourism, will bring nearly \$32 million flooding into the area in the next six years. And after the Olympics, the survey predicted, another \$30 million will be generated over the next 10 years by tourists, competitors and athletes training at the facilities.

In all, it seems the IOC has done a right, and very bright, thing in selecting the little town in the Adirondacks for the Games in 1980, if for no other reason than that it was always considered inevitable by the North Country Boys of Lake Placid. As Lake Placid says, "If we didn't get it this time, we'd have been trying for 1984 and '88, '92, '96 and 2000. We'd never stop trying, because God meant the Olympic Games for Lake Placid, and God meant Lake Placid for the Olympic Games. Sooner or later, it could not be avoided."

END





## MARCHING TO A DIFFERENT DRUMMER

by JIM HARRISON

Jim

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KILIAN WATSON

The pursuit of ruffed grouse entails days of beating through swamps and flailing in thorn-apple swales, but with every success there is joy and tooting of horns

Tonight it is March, a very long way from bird season. In the middle of a Michigan winter it is hard to believe that there ever was an October, with her violent colors, or mornings when you pulled on your boots and walked into some Renaissance painting: blood red to a dusky, muted red, burnt sienna hills, umber grass and the waves from a bluff far above Lake Michigan so green and tossed that it was not inconceivable Botticelli's maiden would step out of a shell. This is only to say that you favor autumn, and winter up here looks like nothing so much as a giant marshmallow factory. On long walks when snowmobiles pass, you think that the only virtue of these machines is that they smell like motorboats, and motorboats remind you of the fishing you're going to do in the Florida Keys in a few weeks. There is a ski resort half a dozen miles south, but your boredom with that sport has reached such a point that you avoid driving past the slopes where all of those people are actually having fun with winter.

So you take walks. And hope to see a grouse, though the terrain around your small farm is favored with few of them. The snowmobiles pack a trail, and you offer them grudging thanks for making the far reaches of winter accessible. It's no fun to flounder in drifts, and most of my friends who brag about their snowshoes never use them. Often you stand on a trail and wish that yesterday's snowmobile had headed down through that swale. You want to go there, but it is impossible. You think of maybe drawing a map for the neighbor boy so he can cut some new areas for you on his Arctic Cat. You have agreed to buy one when they make less noise than a dripping spigot, a sleeping gerbil, an oak leaf when it falls on wet ground, a morel growing.

But the occasional grouse. Its thundering flush in the cold air. The involuntary lifting of your arms as if they cradled a shotgun, the noticeable pounding in your chest. Grouse are always a shock, as if you brushed the electric fence while throwing hay to your daughter's horses. A subtle, aerial shock not to be confused with seeing a grizzly while backpacking. That is like grabbing the fence with a wet hand. The grouse are a hundred yards away before you actually think, beginning with a low dodging flight through the trees, then often they hook like an inept golf shot. Why the hook? I don't know. They have to go somewhere.

Ruffed grouse have become to you the ultimate in shooting. You still hunt woodcock, but mostly because you stumble upon them in the search for grouse. You can tell you don't prize them nearly as much because when you miss, you don't feel very bad. For ducks you have to get up at dawn and the beauty of your last teal four years back spoiled it. You might deer hunt a single afternoon but, to be truthful, it has brought no real excitement for more than a decade.

But grouse. Grouse are the trout of the woods. Flushing a grouse is like seeing a good brown trout rising to a mayfly. And the last days of trout season in Michigan invariably coincide with the drumming sound of male grouse in the swamps calling up their

harems. The speed of their flight can be understood by the energy of their drumming. In your winter walks you see few of them because the snow is deep in the swamps where they stay for shelter, and there is thin ice on the water. But each one you do see brings the memory of past seasons, and though you have hunted seriously only for seven years, these seasons are confused with each other. The event is more interesting than the year. All of the seasons merged together would not be an idealization but an intensification. And that is the way you remember them, anyway. The seasons are too heavy with failure and the comic to make the stuff of dreams. Sport, when honestly rendered, is scarcely ever dreamlike. If it is a string of unrecurrent successes, it isn't sporting. Here, then, is a season, concentrated, add six parts water.

The first day is uncomfortably warm—mid-September, and it looks like July with the greenery heavy on the trees. We've had no kill frost and the ferns form a waist-deep layer over the floor of the woods. It is absolutely obnoxious to walk through the ferns because you can't see your feet, and you stumble over the rotting, deadfall poplar.

Pat Paton and his son Shaun are 30 yards to my right just across East Creek. We heard a lot of drumming in this area while trout fishing in the spring, and since grouse tend to spend their lives in a comparatively small area, we thought we'd try hunting the creek bottom. We kick up half a dozen birds, but have no shots. The brush gets thicker and the tag alder branches whip against your face. When you pause, mosquitoes and black flies cloud around your head. This isn't grouse hunting; it's a jungle movie called *The Green Hell*. A woodcock flushes, and you snap shoot at the sound, seeing the brown blur disappear into the foliage.

"Get him?" Pat yells.

"Nope."

You hate to hunt with people who are always insisting that they "might" have got a bird. This is a neophyte's trick, and causes a lot of useless poking in the shrubbery. And it is bad for a dog to look for nothing. Dogs get discouraged when their credulity is pushed. Their noses tell them that the dead bird isn't there. It's bad as a general rule to hunt with anyone you wouldn't camp with or introduce to a secret trout-fishing spot. You remember the time you hunted with a dolt

who shot a porcupine and the spirit went out of the day.

The jungle walk becomes preposterous. You can't even see Pat's dog, a springer spaniel named Tammy. A dumb name, but a good dog. You know where the dog is only by the waving of fern tips. We've had enough of our swamp trek and emerge into a wide pasture for an easy walk back to the car. Out in the middle of the pasture is a huge, lone cow. A Holstein. The cow watches us as we walk and Pat studies the cow. "We've got a problem," he says in a near whisper.

The cow is a bull. The bull begins to toss his head and paw the ground like his brothers do in cartoons. I slide into the brush in order to cross the creek before I realize that a creek does not offer a formidable barrier to a bull. So we stand there listening to some awesome bellowing, with the animal's neck craning up and outward so that we may better hear its warnings. The music stops and the bull begins a classical trot toward us, gradually picking up speed. Maybe it thinks it's a Cape buffalo. Pat fires two warning shots in the air. The bull picks up speed. Pat lightly rakes the animal with No. 9 skeet shot. The bull does a wonderful rodeo buck, then turns and trots in the other direction.

Late in the afternoon Pat picks off a single bird that separated from a brood and flew across a clearing. We go to a bar and over many glasses of beer agree that early grouse season is as bad as early trout season, when you might very well tear your waders on ice. Maybe you think you have to go through it to deserve the rest of the season.

Still no frost as September wanes with the heat of summer. No one wants to go hunting. They are waiting to concentrate on a few weekends in October. So I hunt alone in a four-section swamp and blueberry marsh. I am careful because I've found it easy to get lost within this four square miles. Again, I've been here in the spring. My mother wanted to see warblers and she woke me before dawn thinking I shared her interest in these wee birds. I do love warblers, though I prefer to see them out the window at lunch. Anyway, we heard grouse drumming and I have high hopes while walking along the pulp trails. There is also a bear in this swamp, though I'd prefer not to see him for reasons of cowardice.

I round a bend and begin to descend

deeper into the swamp. I see something in the middle of the trail. It is the very rare sight of a grouse simply sitting there looking at the hunter. I raise my gun but pause, deciding to be fair. The grouse flushes, and for a millisecond I regret my generosity, but the bird falls with the shot.

At our last Grouse Society meeting Doc Hall impishly asked us to raise a hand if we had never shot a sitting bird. No one did. If you have a bad streak, say of missing 15 birds in a row, it is easy to see a sitting bird as a boon, a gift from Mother Nature as a reward for your sweat, the countless miles of walking and anger and frustration.

You have to hunt a long time to fully understand the degree of difficulty involved. This is especially true of bad years when the bird population, which is cyclical, is down very low. The worst year in my memory was 1967, at least locally. I hunted for a week that November, though mostly I looked for my bird dogs. In the absence of birds they chased leaves and snowflakes and each other. Late on a particularly cold and blank day a friend and I shot at the same bird simultaneously, and both instantly yelled, "I got him!" Our friendship was maintained by finding two different sized pellets in the grouse when we cleaned it—my .16-gauge and his .20. The bird looked meager on the platter at dinner with six adults trying to act offhand about eating it.

The first week in October we had a hard frost, then rain and a strong wind, which made the leaves begin to fall. I certainly haven't waited for the weather but it is appreciated. I've averaged less than a bird a day, though most often I only hunt a few hours. When you hunt alone and are not distracted by others, the time moves more slowly. You are more totally aware of what you are doing, and the experience becomes much more intense.

Pat calls, and we decide to spend a day hitting favorite places. Some of them were discovered in 1965 when the grouse were at the top of their population curve and birds could have been found almost anywhere. Certain spots are chosen for strictly esthetic reasons, though few grouse hunters would admit it. We begin the day in an area along the Manissee River that is redolent with memories. I shot the first grouse of my adult life here. (In my boyhood I posted a fair

*continued*



# The "typical" American driver:

Comes in all  
shapes and sizes,  
and our steering  
wheel adjusts  
to them all

**HEIGHT** More  
or less 4'8" to 6'11"  
**Weight** 100 to  
325 lbs

**BACK** Place it in  
a more comfortable  
driving posture  
as you change the  
steering wheel  
position

**ARMS** Relax!  
Move them to where  
they feel best

**NECK** Can be any size  
With Tilt Wheel Steering  
or Tilt & Telescope  
Steering, it won't get  
stiff from being in one  
position too long.

**HANDS** While you drive,  
use them to quickly  
adjust the Tilt Wheel up  
or down (Also, in and out,  
with Tilt & Telescope)

**LEGS** Flip up the  
steering wheel to  
slip 'em into the car

Tilt-Wheel Steering and Tilt & Telescope Steering let you change the steering wheel position as often as you like to the one that you like best. Means easy entry and exit, added comfort and reduced fatigue. And these affordable options can help improve resale value.

See your GM dealer for a demonstration. If you're a typical American driver, your reaction will be favorable.

**Saginaw Steering Gear Division  
General Motors Corporation**



number by sitting in a swamp until they came clucking out of the cover, no doubt mistaking me for a stump.) The place, though, has an unpleasant aspect. I slipped on the wet clay of a cliff overlooking the river and spent a month in the hospital in traction. Some fun.

Crossing the pasture we hunt a bog and pick up two snipe. Then we head for the series of gullies choked with thorn apple and cedar that abut the river. You have to snaphoot in these gullies or the grouse get above the river, and it's pointless to shoot. It would be monstrous to see a bird wasted in the river. Perhaps a hundred yards away we see a brood sitting under a thorn apple tree. This has never happened before, and we immediately have a strategy session. We painfully sneak through the brush along the river and up the hill through the briars. We burst from the cover with our shotguns ready. No grouse. We comb the immediate location in widening circles, without luck. We didn't hear them flush. It is the stuff of a sporting nightmare.

We drive several miles to another spot along a defunct railroad and quickly pick up three birds, all within sight of a general store. But we are still wondering what the hell happened to all of those birds under the tree. Grouse have an uncanny ability to keep a tree between themselves and a shooter after the flush. In one particular thicket I have flushed grouse on a dozen occasions and seen them only twice. I keep going back, trying to figure out a way to outwit their ability to keep the density of the thicket between me and their path of flight. Sometimes a bird will break directly at you, sailing over your head, then turning. I've never made one of those twisting shots.

Now the season is in full stride. My shooting has even improved. Last weekend I got two grouse and a woodcock in a hundred-yard stretch and without a miss. Unfortunately, the next day I missed seven in a row, so my glory was shortlived. I've estimated my success at about one out of seven, while a truly superb wing shot like Doc Hall will get one out of three. But he has a marvelous English setter named Heidi and another named Judge that is well above average. Heidi

is somehow the most graceful dog I've ever met, extremely feminine and a hard worker.

I no longer own a dog, having lost my English pointer to cancer when she was five. I simply don't have the guts to go through that sort of pain again. And she was a worthless grouse dog, though beautifully stylish with field-trial breeding. Even in her last month she would race across a hayfield in long zigzag casts and stop on a picturesque point on a butterfly or twenty bird. She could jump higher than a bookcase or over a car hood. On the one occasion I saw her with deer, she wasn't chasing them but running some 10 yards ahead. I dedicated a novel to her, and people who don't understand such things are upset, as they assume it was a child who died.

Since I usually hunt without a dog and without the splendid early-warning system they provide, I become lazy hunting behind a good dog. With them I don't need the continuous state of readiness that I own when hunting alone.

If you are walking through the woods thinking about pretty girls or maybe an argument you had with your wife or, more likely, how you will cook the two grouse in your bag, you are going to miss every shot. If Zen monks had any predilection for the sport they would clean up.

After a fine start with a bird apiece we entered an area that had been pulped over the winter before. It was an unbelievable tangle of poplar tops but we had

a honey bucket location to hit on our circular swing. Two hours later we emerged exhausted from the tangle. Each of us had fallen three times and Pat had a sprained finger and cut hand. Pulping is good for grouse because it allows new growth, but terrible for a hunter when the tops are left in disarray. Since this is state land on timber lease you wonder why the yo-yos can't be forced to bulldoze the waste into piles. Though we flushed 10 birds I wouldn't walk back into that place at gunpoint.

The other day I talked to Doc Hall about seeing his log, the record of his hunting since 1946. It contains daily accounts of birds flushed, birds shot at, birds bagged and general remarks on habitat, weather and dog work. The locations are given code names. Here we encounter the same secrecy found in the trout or tarpon fisherman. You will not exchange secret places with someone who will abuse the area by overhunting or divulging it to others. Doc Hall has so many places that he can afford to be a little careless. Last year we traded spots, though I suspect he already knew about mine.

We got lost in one of his favorites, but only because the shooting was so interesting that we hunted past twilight. So we floundered around in the dark with Doc lighting matches to see the compass mounted in his gunstock. We kept reassuring each other that we weren't lost, but we couldn't find the car.

Getting lost lacks humor. I once spent an entire afternoon trying to get off a hairpin flat in the Manistee River. First the river was on my left, then, 15 minutes later, it was on my right. It was very warm and I was wearing chest-high waders and carrying a bamboo rod. Michigan's swamps and flat pine barrens are comparatively small, but it's best to have your wits about you. I flushed a lot of birds, aimlessly pointing my fly rod at them and yelling, "Bang!"

A hunting friend arrived from Florida today, hoping to catch the woodcock migratory flights and shoot grouse for two weeks. There's something fascinating about introducing a person to the sport. It is partly finding out what you know, having to be precise in your information. Though my



# NEW TRUE 100's

Lower in both tar and nicotine than  
98% of all other 100's sold.

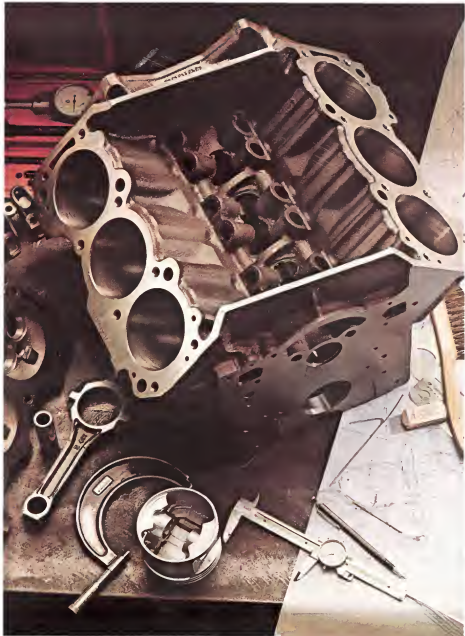


King size  
and 100's

True. The low tar, low nicotine 100.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King Regular: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine,  
King Menthol: 12 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report March '94,  
100's Regular and 100's Menthol: 12 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, by FTC method.





# Introducing a six-cylinder engine with...well, guts.

Everybody has a pretty stock idea of the American six-cylinder engine. Economical. Tough as an anvil. And practical to a fault. Something Aunt Harriet could feel right at home with.

Our new six is different. It's a vee-six. Something quite different from an L-head, or in-line, or "straight" six.

As you volumetric efficiency fans know, placing the cylinders in a vee produces a shorter, more compact arrangement. Design-wise, it's sort of like the difference between an open hand and a clenched fist. It means the V-6 crankshaft can be nice and short. And that the V-6 block can be compact and lightweight.

The end result is a 2-barrel, 3.8 liter six with very respectable horsepower-per-cubic-inch figures. And a torque curve that comes on at relatively low engine speed.

Ah, but we've lapsed into design esoterica. Actually there are a lot of very real, untheoretical facts about our V-6 that we think you'll like.

The first is that this is a bonafide Buick engine. As such, it shares a great many components with Buick V-8s.

As a matter of fact, the pistons, rings, wrist pins, rod bearings, timing gear and so forth, are identical to those used on our hefty 5.7 liter V-8. Heck, even the valves are nickel-plated, per all Buick V-8s.

Yet, because there are 25 percent fewer pistons and fewer moving parts in total, the V-6 weighs a full 170 pounds less than its V-8 brother.

It's a remarkably free-spirited little engine, this Buick V-6.

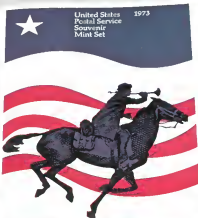
And it's standard in Buick Skyhawk, Skylark and Century.



**BUICK** *Dedicated to the Free Spirit in just about everyone.*

# Presenting the Mint Set.

## A special collection of special stamps.



Every year, the Post Office comes out with a special collection of all the special commemorative stamps issued the previous year.

We call this collection our Mint Set. And this year it has 33 mint stamps.

There's a "Love" stamp, one on George Gershwin, and a 4-in-1 Boston Tea Party issue.

Besides displaying these stamps, the Mint Set also tells a fascinating story about each one. Like how a kid from Brooklyn, George Gershwin, made it big. With hits like "I Got Rhythm," "Porgy and Bess," and "Rhapsody in Blue."

The Mint Set makes collecting stamps a special kind of fun for everyone. And it's only \$3 at your Post Office. The place to discover the fun of stamp collecting.

Stamp Collecting. For the fun of it.



Your Postal Service



Copyright 1973, U.S. Postal Service

friend has done a great deal of quail and pheasant hunting, ruffed grouse and their heavy cover are new to him. The similarity to teaching someone trout fishing is striking, where the ability to cast competently can be learned in short order and still produce no results. You could shoot a 98 in skeet and flunk miserably in the woods unless you had taken the trouble to find out how grouse live.

Since most Michigan terrain lacks drama you concentrate on particularities. For grouse you look for thorn apple, abandoned orchards, wild grape, winter-green, budding poplar, chokecherries, all preferred foods. If it has been especially dry you hunt along creeks. Late in the afternoon you check the sunny sides of hills and along logging trails where the birds come to gravel.

Setting out the next morning, we miss the first dozen birds. It is maddening for my friend, who is the best shot I know. Much of our grief is caused by the fact that we are both piglets, and much of our punning talk centers on food. We have many recipes on tap, have purchased wines to go with them, and our clumsiness is depressing.

The gully, not really severe, attached to spending so much time at play can be absurd. If I'm skunked I come home with an involved speech in my head to convince my wife that I really hunted hard and didn't spend the afternoon at the bar. Since she and my daughter love to eat grouse, there is no interest in excuses. I can see the hurt look in their eyes, maybe a trace of disrespect. It's fun to bring in five lake trout with an aggregate weight of 50 pounds and nonchalantly drop them in the sink. But it is not nearly as effective in my home as a grouse or two.

The first 10 days will have to be graded as a C minus. Michigan's vaunted October Indian summer is on the verge of a heat wave. We hunt without coats and are without the transmutations of energy cold autumn days give. We get moderately lost in a local swamp, thrash through the deadfalls kicking up 17 grouse, and not one ends in the bag. Back in the car I can't meet my friend's eyes so I take him to a high bluff along Lake Michigan that always draws visitors. It is a stupendous view with four islands far out in the lake and the promontory of Pyramid Point to the south. At the bottom of the cliff we see a flock of ducks,

but they are too far away to identify. Near this bluff my pointer once swam out into heavy seas beyond sight for several hours. Neat dog. We called the sheriff and Coast Guard, but they weren't interested. She finally returned and had a nice nap on the beach.

Surprisingly, my scenic tour yields two birds. I decide not to admit that they are the first two birds I've ever taken here. We have a full dinner with yesterday's two grouse and three woodcock. The woodcock are stuffed with pâté, the grouse with aromatic green grapes that are pulled after 20 minutes and replaced with a bread stuffing. After browning the birds we usually steam them in a closed dish in a cup or two of white wine. Woodcock are especially good for breakfast on toast with scrambled eggs. And a glass of wine. We experiment without being too decorative, as grouse are so delicious they don't need help. The only way to ruin their sharp gamey flavor is by overcooking, which tends to parch their already dry flesh.

We have a fine, though melancholy, day's hunt with Doc Hall. Heidi is dead from the same type of cancer that destroyed my own dog. Good dogs have an uncanny ability to become another person in the family and their absence is deeply felt.

We have lunch sitting on the bank of the Munitee. It is so warm that trout are rising. The dogs are faugued from the heat and wallow at the river's edge. Judge, Heidi's hunting mate, has given us a number of flawless poems, including one in a clearing that imitated all of those make-believe hunting stories. Doc Hall says that woodcock tend to congregate on the south edge of any clearing, simply because they come in from the north and only decide on the clearing after they have begun to cross it. This is not a simple piece of information. It will save a lot of dead hours for me. Though Doc Hall is retired, he sprints through the woods like a kangaroo, cross-country skis all winter and fishes in the summers. He even soothes my hypochondria free of charge.

It is the first of November and the weather finally breaks at midday with the temperature dropping 20° and the wind wheeling around to the northwest, the prevailing pattern. It is my friend's last day, and starts badly with his Labrador eating our lunch. And we're late, out of

the general tiredness that two weeks of walking brings on.

But we are to have an afternoon that is magical, the best afternoon of my hunting life. And this despite a hesitant beginning, some sleet and a howling wind. We see a dozen birds and take eight. We keep looking at each other through the trees, now barren of leaves, in disbelief. Seven seasons to have one truly perfect day. And two of the shots were among the most difficult of the year. On the long drive home we are reverent rather than talkative.

Falling asleep that night, I remember several years back in the Upper Peninsula when a gas station operator told me that grouse could not be hit on the wing. You had to sit on the car hood with a buddy driving and shoot them on the trails at dusk. As sport, grouse hunting has often seemed ill advised to me in terms of the hours spent. But that is John Calvin creeping up again with all of his boring, utilitarian advice. Grouse hunting is so precious because it is so difficult. There are, no doubt, great shots who don't feel this respect, but my very average skills bow to this creature.

It is December and we have the fillip tossed by the Michigan legislature called the December grouse season. The weather is so foul it is largely a joke except to the hardest. I've never seen another hunter in December. But then I rarely see other grouse hunters in October. The sport doesn't have the popularity of pheasant or duck hunting. You wonder why, but hesitate to proselytize.

The last day is frantic and silly. I hunt with Alan Lee, a burly player, and his German shorthair with the unlikely name of Moxie. The name should have been a tip-off, as we spend the afternoon searching for the dog in a snowstorm. Alan finally puts out his coat for the dog to scent, and we go to a local bar. When we return we find the coat in the snow with some difficulty. I leave Alan about the time he missed a grouse sitting in a tree. He's normally a good shot and insists that he didn't want to spoil the meat by a direct hit. The meat is still flying around, a warm feathered universe.

In a few hours it will be New Year's Eve. We drive the seven miles back to Alan's house afraid to mention the lost dog in the blizzard. But Moxie has a fine sense of direction and meets us eagerly in the driveway.

END

## The Little Big Horn with pads

**Sitting Bull was at stake when  
North Dakota met South Dakota**

Grand Forks, N. Dak., is the land of place where you feel comfortable in raveled garments and a sloppy sweater. Even the scenery is predictable, reminiscent of vintage cartoon backgrounds in which the same tree reappears every few seconds. But for a few hours last Saturday, Grand Forks was the volatile center of its constellation, proving that a Big Game is a Big Game whether it is on artificial turf or just plain dirt.

North Dakota was playing South Dakota, and from the sound and the fury you might have suspected ole Jesse and the rest of the James gang had decoured

through on the way home from the Great Northfield Minnesota raid. Every potato and sugar-beet farmer, every election-year politician out to strip-mine a vote and every alumnus with an ego painted in his school colors had nested into cory Memorial Stadium to whoop, holler and revel in the calharus.

South Dakota won the game 37-24 and with it the Sitting Bull Trophy, perhaps an inconsequential prize to the national press, but a garland of laurel to the participants.

Both the NCAA College Division schools are in the North Central Conference, an admittedly obscure although highly competitive amalgamation that has ushered its share of players into the professional ranks and justified the need for computer scouting. And the players, although generally smaller if not necessarily quicker than the behemoths laboring in better-known football boiler rooms, refuse to look wistfully at the constraints of major college football. "We played Minnesota this year and I thought North Dakota State hit harder," said flanker Ron Gustafson of North Dakota's Sioux.

Unless you majored in geography, the Dakotas are a hard place to draw a bead on. Most Americans have heard of them and believe in their existence, but are content with secondhand accounts of this

rigorous country and climate. And they are intimidating, by September the land turns gray and bleak and for much of the year the sun appears covered, as if with a lumphade. Consequently, it is startling to note the presence of 13 players from Florida on the South Dakota roster.

They were recruited through Bill O'Hara, a Miami teacher, and Joe Robbe, the owner of the Miami Dolphins and a South Dakota grad. Since the school does not pay to fly in recruits, most never see it until they enroll. Good thing. The first steel fell on Oct. 6 this year. "I don't even know if they realize where they're going," says Joe Salem, the South Dakota coach. "But, you know, none of them leave."

Dwight Duncombe is one of those Floridians and the best player on the team. He is a split end but acts more like a Russian folk dancer: when he catches a touchdown pass he usually performs a victory cartwheel and backflip. His recruitment was typically bizarre. It seems another South Dakota player was working one summer as a skycap at the Miami airport, where he met a contemporary who said he was an out-of-work line-backer presently employed at an all-night grocery store. The ensuing conversation led the linebacker to Salem's office. He brought along a friend. The friend was Duncombe. But Duncombe's grades were too low for a scholarship, so Salem called the youngster's father for advice.

"Your father says for you to stay here," Salem told Duncombe.

"Oh, no," Duncombe said.

But he did and it turned out to be a happy marriage. Duncombe learned to wear heavy clothing, and going into the North Dakota game he had opportunity to perform his backflips 16 times this year. Against North Dakota he scored three times in the second half, although only two counted. A 67-yard punt return was called back because of a clipping penalty at the one-yard line.

South Dakota had won only nine games in six years prior to Salem's arrival in 1966, after a career as a third-string quarterback at the University of Minnesota. His first team's roster listed 29 players and he had practically no basic equipment. Salem bought a few barbells. Someone stole them. Still, by 1968, the team was 9-1.

EVERY TIME HE SCORES, SOUTH DAKOTA END DWIGHT DUNCOMBE ADDS A NEW FLIP





# Allstate compares prices for \$25,000 worth of "Whole Life" insurance. Which would you buy?

## \$25,000 "Whole Life" for a man age 30.

	"Annual Premium" Amount you pay insurance company each year.	"Death Cost Index" Average annual cost if you die at end of . . .		"Surrender Cost Index" Average annual cost if you cash in your policy at end of . . .	
		10th Year	20th Year	10th Year	20th Year
<b>ALLSTATE</b>	<b>\$318</b>	<b>\$318*</b>	<b>\$318*</b>	<b>\$ 75*</b>	<b>\$ 88</b>
Equitable of N.Y.	484	384	330	111	90
John Hancock	510	460	387	166	124
Mass. Mutual	477	384	341	94	75
Metropolitan	486	384	366	54	107
New York Life	414	382	329	109	89
Northwestern Mutual	485	392	335	96	70
Occidental (Calif.)	349	349*	349*	139*	129*
Prudential	491	440	375	142	118
State Farm	468	384	325	133	83

Allstate's and Occidental's cost indexes are guaranteed. Figures of the other companies listed assume they will pay dividends as they are currently distributing, but such illustrated dividends are not guaranteed. The actual dividends paid may be higher or lower. Indexes based on the actual dividends each are paid may be higher or lower than those shown in the table above. Rates and costs for companies other than Allstate may be different in some states. All Cost Indexes are calculated on the basis of adjusted basis, which is a method endorsed by both federal and state authorities.

\$501.10% Paid Out at End of 20th year, on \$1 M Paid Company policy loan. Withdrawal of Premium Discontinues. Death is included on all of the above policies. Some policies give slightly more in some of the policies listed.

The above chart compares the cost of a \$25,000 "Whole Life—Level Premium" policy for a man age 30, issued by each of the top ten writers of personal life insurance. Allstate and most other companies charge even lower premiums for women for this policy.

The "Whole Life" policies featured are permanent insurance that provide immediate protection for your family.

Or a cash fund you can use in future years.

**Compare!** When you check our rates with the others, we think you'll come to Allstate. We've priced this policy so a young breadwinner can afford a big chunk of it. Since we sell it only in amounts of \$25,000 or more, we call it our "Executive Plan."

There are many other excellent companies besides the ones listed here. Some may have

policies as good as or better than those listed. This is one of Allstate's most competitive policies.

When you're through comparing, talk to an Allstate Agent. At Sears or an Allstate office.

**Allstate**  
You're in good hands.

Now there are plans for a \$9 million DakotaDome in Vermillion, S. Dak. that will seat 11,000 for indoor football. But for the most part the team still labors in a spare, pinched style. A ripped pair of football cleats can throw the coaches into a stew as they search for a replacement; shredded practice jerseys are meticulously taped back together; and the team had to endure a nine-hour bus ride on the trip to North Dakota.

Some coaches regard the Wishbone as last year's fad, like the Gatsby look or streaking, but Salem is sticking with it. The team lost its first five games after it was installed three years ago, but was 9-1 in 1972 and 8-3 last season and went to the College Division playoffs. This season a plethora of freshmen running backs fumbled 24 times in the first five games and the normally glib Salem, a man who wears a smile as naturally as the part in his hair, turned briefly dour. Then the ball handling improved, and with it his mood. So much so that the confident coach started six frosh against North Dakota.

Unlike George McGovern, Salem's team has had scant trouble getting votes in the polls. With a record of 6-1, South Dakota was ranked eighth in one, ninth in another before the North Dakota game. To stay there, and to remain undefeated in the conference, the Coyotes had to beat a team that had been its nemesis. In the last 14 games with North Dakota, South Dakota had won only twice.

In contrast to the cosmopolitan South Dakota squad, North Dakota's is mostly homegrown. One local product is Ron Gustafson. In 1973 he led the College Division in pass receptions with 67. This season Coach Jerry Olson shifted the emphasis to a running attack centered around Fullback Bill Deutsch, who gained 137 yards Saturday, and option Quarterback Brian Grover, but Gustafson still was second in conference scoring, thanks to three touchdowns in a game in which injuries forced him to play running back. He is rumored to be a certain top draft choice by the pros. "I'm not thinking about that," he says. "When you start looking ahead you get your head knocked off."

Besides having the hands of a juggler and the knack of catching a ball thrown into a crowded crosswalk, Gustafson also is adroit in the open field, the reason for the nickname of "Magic." He

returned a kickoff 90 yards for a touchdown in a home game against North Dakota State the previous week.

Before Saturday's game both teams were leery of the weather. It can turn savage in North Dakota at this time of the year. Later it gets worse. When the two schools met in basketball last season, the temperature in Grand Forks was 42° below zero. But Saturday was a beautiful day, with a clear sky and a temperature around 55°. One fan found it so stifling that he took off his shirt.

During the first half South Dakota looked as if it still was suffering from the torpor induced by that bus ride. Gustafson scored twice for North Dakota and the visiting Coyotes were behind 12-0. South Dakota's poor performance was partially the result of injuries that forced Salem to start a third-string, walk-on freshman, Larry Harper, at one running back. Several other players were shifted to unfamiliar positions. Even the acrobatic Duncombe found himself in the backfield on occasion.

Wherever he played, Duncombe was devastating in the second half. He finished with 72 yards running, caught five passes for another 76 and added 106 yards on punt and kickoff returns. His performance certainly looked major league and helped prove that even in the area that grows them, nothing was small potatoes about the South Dakota-North Dakota game.

## THE WEEK

by HAROLD PETERSON

## SOUTHWEST

The Aggie offense never really penetrated the Baylor 15-yard line, yet Texas A&M still won 20-0. Huddling for a postgame prayer before a record crowd of 51,200 in Waco, the Aggies had reason to be thankful. In the first quarter, Halfback Bubba Bean fumbled, but fumbled 10 yards forward, straight into the hands of his Split End Curt Roaches, who scuttled 56 yards for a TD. "I just slid off my back to the inside and the ball came to me," Roaches said. Then, late in the fourth quarter, Defensive Tackle Warren Trahan stretched to his full 6'4", intercepted a screen pass and fell a yard forward into the Baylor end zone. Randy Haddock' 42- and 41-yard field goals accounted for the other six points. But Baylor had nothing to complain about.

The Bears never got past the A&M 40.

Big brother won the sibling rivalry, as usual. Defensive Right End Tommy Cones helped his Texas Tech team beat Defensive Right End Mark Cones' Southern Methodist outfit, 20-17. SMU was leading 17-13 when it had to punt from its 40. Punter John Blackburn bobbled the snapback only minimally, but that was all Tommy Cones needed to barrel in and block the kick. The Raiders recovered on the 26 and four plays later Larry Isaac scored.

Rice held Texas to a 6-6 deadlock in the first half on field goals by Bill Schott, but the Owls suffered a bad case of Marty Atkins in the second half. The junior quarterback scored twice and rushed 185 yards as the Longhorns belittled to a 27-6 win. "Rice was keying on the pitch man to prevent the long-gainer," Darrell Royal observed. "That's a good way to defend us, but it gives the yardage to the quarterback." Rice's Tommy Kramer completed 17 of 28 for 254 yards and the TD.

Arkansas slashed up Colorado State 43-9, scoring six of the first eight times it got the ball. Halfback Ike Forte scored two touchdowns for the Hogs and set up another with a 67-yard run.

1. Texas A&M (6-1)

2. Texas Tech (3-4) 3. Texas (3-2)

## SOUTH

"We simply had a lot more people than TCU," said Alabama Coach Bear Bryant, a nicely understated summary of Tide football since approximately the Ice Age. No fewer than 12 different backs carried the ball for "Bama, and six of them scored touchdowns in a 41-3 rout of Texas Christian. Willie Shelby got his hands on it only six times, but he was the leading ground-gainer with 86 yards. All these bull beavers did it without a dow's worth of help from regular Quarterback Richard Todd, who remained on the injured list. "I wanted to play him but the staff overruled me," Bryant complained. Robert Fraley and Jack O'Rear did nicely instead, accounting for five touchdowns between them.

Auburn, which has an amazing record of 39-53 in homecoming games since its first one was played 50 years ago, burned Florida State 38-6. The Tigers are now 7-4, while FSU is 0-7, but the Seminoles trailed only 7-6 at halftime before swallowing their 19th straight defeat. Auburn went 79 yards to score on its first series, then went dry. "The drive was too easy," said Split End Thomas Gossett, who caught four passes for 85 yards and a TD. "We let down after that."

The number of bowl scouts watching Maryland defeat North Carolina State was seven. The margin of victory was only 10, 20-10. But the win gave the Terrapins, who have never yet won an ACC title outright, a firm hold on the league lead. Two field goals

by Steve Mike-Mayer, three interceptions and a crucial penalty decided the outcome. After a 44-yard kick by Mike-Mayer had put the Terps ahead 13-10, N.C. State drove to a third and one on the Maryland 29. Richard Carter raced to a first down, but a lineman's illegal procedure obliged the Wolfpack to try a 48-yard field goal, which failed. Terp Tailback Louis Carter wrapped it up with a TD after an interception by Bob Smith.

Georgia Tech added a kickoff to its Wishbone and upset previously undefeated Tulane, 27-7. Tech talkers had not touched much on defense before this game, for the ample reason that there wasn't any, but the Yellow Jackets limited their victims to 88 yards rushing in this one.

Florida scored all of its five touchdowns before Duke got near the scoreboard, and the sun shone bright all day on a palmy homecoming crowd of 36,251 as the Gators won 30-13. Don Gaffney operated the Wishbone superbly, connecting on touchdown passes to Alvis Darby and Lee McGiff.

"It was one of those games where whoever got the ball last won," apologized Kentucky Coach Fran Custer after Georgia beat his club 24-20. Three times Kentucky coughed up the ball in its own territory, and three times Georgia scored. First Quarterback Mike Fanning fumbled on his 26, and then superlucker John Tatterson let two punts slide off the side of his foot, setting up 41- and 32-yard Georgia touchdowns.

Mississippi State demolished Louisville 56-7, and Vanderbilt beat Ole Miss for the first time in 23 years, 24-14, as Fullback James O'Rourke scored two touchdowns and Defensive Back Jay Chesley ran an interception back 66 yards for a third.

Memphis State beat North Texas 41-0, and Tennessee edged Clemson 29-28 in a brawl that saw two touchdowns scored in the last two minutes. South Carolina scored its second straight upset, dumping North Carolina 31-23. And then there was Wake Forest, which lost 14-0 to Virginia, extending its streak of scoreless quarters to 22.

1. Alabama (7-0)

2. Auburn (7-0) 3. Maryland (6-2)

**WEST** Brigham Young's third straight victory shattered favored Arizona 37-13. Since Arizona State hounded worthless New Mexico 41-7, the Western Athletic Conference race was snug as a pair of shrink longjohns. Arizona State is 3-0, BYU 3-0-1 and Arizona 3-1. BYU received star performances from Quarterback Gary Sheide and Flanker John Bethum. Sheide completed 20 of 35 passes for 267 yards and five touchdowns—three to Bethum and two more to Tailback Jeff Blain. The Cougars forced seven turnovers, two fumbles and five interceptions, on three of which they scored. "I think Arizona came into the game thinking we

would



EVEN ON A LYNCHBURG FOX HUNT, the talk will generally take a turn toward whiskey.

Mainly, we'll sit round the fire, let the dogs do the work and tell stories about the good old days. We'll recall when Jack Daniel bested all the big distillers at the St. Louis World's Fair. Or the time Tennessee voted dry in 1909.

And the day Mr. Jack nearly got married. It seems that the stories could go on and on. But then the dogs get to baying in a special way and someone says, "Boys, let's chase ourselves a fox."



CHARCOAL  
MELLOWED



DROP



BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery  
Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc., Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee

The first Distillery placed in the National Register  
of Historic Places by the United States Government.

didn't have a running attack," Sheild said. "We showed them one and that's what opened up our passing game." ASU Coach Frank Kush, meanwhile, used three quarterbacks in the Sun Devil romp. None dazzled, but it's hard to argue with 41 points.

In other action, Wyoming stomped on Utah 31-13 and Texas Ed Paso beat Texas Arlington 28-14. Independent Utah State beat West Texas State 21-16.

"Pat is a victim of our success," says USC Coach John McKay. The freeway alumni have been wondering why Pat Hayden, who completed 56 1/2 of his passes for 1,823 yards last year, has completed only 20 of 38 for 216 yards this season. "If they want stats I can give them stats," McKay notes. "But we might not win." Well, USC won 31-10 against Oregon State, yet Hayden passed—50% complete for 101 yards and two touchdowns. Anthony Owens scored twice to set a new Pacific Eight record for TDs.

John Scuria of UCLA defended hopeful California with two intercontinental missiles to Split End Norm Anderson, for 69 and 49 yards, then scored himself. Later, he went to the hospital with a broken ankle and returned to watch the rest of the game from the bench. UCLA won 28-3.

Since the last game of 1972, when Washington began a 10-game Pacific Eight losing streak, Husky fans have waited for the team to do something besides slobber, stumble, fumble and fall. Saturday the Huskies did. To the astonishment of 52,500 faithful dressing the sequel to last year's 58-0 loss to Oregon, they plucked the Ducks featherless 66-0. The defense held Oregon to 55 total yards and two first downs, while the offense rolled up 508 yards. It was the most decisive win in Jim Owens' 18 years at Washington.

In the remaining Pac 8 game, Stanford edged Washington State 20-18.

#### 1. USC (8-1)

2. Arizona State (9-1) 3. UCLA (4-1-2)

## EAST

Penn State continued its domination of archrival West Virginia, defeating the Mountaineers 21-12 despite trailing in first downs (20 to 18) and yardage (374 to 367). The highly ranked Nitany Lions have not lost to West Virginia since way back in 1955, when Sam Huff was around. Joe Paterno called the present Morgantown defensive line the best since that era, but his Lions capitalized on two West Virginia breakdowns for touchdowns. Early, the Mountaineers fumbled a center snap and were trapped at their 35. Later, West Virginia deflected a Penn State field goal attempt, but the ball was batted into the end zone by a Mountaineer, allowing Ron Coder—a Lion walk-on who played his high school ball in Japan—to fall on it for a TD. In between, State marched 89 yards, Ouane Taylor scoring from the eight.

"This is the closest Temple will ever get to a bowl—the Poukry Bowl," scoffed Delaware captain Ed Clark after his Blue Hens had routed the Owls and come within a hoot of winning, 21-17. "They ain't exactly the champions of the universe. You don't get the kind of bell ringers we give them from somebody like Holy Cross." Temple picked on 5'8" Delaware Cornerback Steve Schwartz for its decisive touchdown, Steve Joushim hitting 6'3" Jeff Stempel, and even that, Delaware did, should have been ruled offensive interference.

Boots made the news as Pittsburgh squeaked by Navy 13-11. The first three scores were all field goals: Pitt 6, Navy 3. Then Tony Orsatti atoned for three fumbles by scoring a critical touchdown on fourth down.

Undeified Yale rattled past Cornell 27-3, and Ivy League co-leader Harvard sneaked out of Hanover with a 17-15 decision over Dartmouth. The Crimson had to bat down a desperate pass as the gun sounded to get past the northerners for the first time since 1968. Penn's Quakers also edged Princeton 20-18, and Columbia ended an 11-game losing streak by slipping through hapless Bucknell 38-33.

Army beat Holy Cross 13-10.

#### 1. Penn State (6-1)

2. Pittsburgh (6-5) 3. Temple (6-0)

## MIDWEST

Ohio State overwhelmed Northwestern 55-7, scoring eight of the 10 times it got possession, and one of those touchdowns came on a 93-yard kickoff return by Len Wilks. That run occurred in the first quarter, immediately after Northwestern's lone touchdown, so that the Wildcats had no time to savor their 7-7 tie. Why didn't Ohio State score the other two times? Once, a pass was intercepted. The other time, the clock simply ran out as the Buckeyes were on the Northwestern one-yard line.

Michigan similarly hobbled Minnesota 49-0. "Now they don't have to write about how everybody almost beats us," Coach Bo Schembechler said. Those narrow wins over Stanford and Wisconsin did not bring out the lamb in Bo. Michigan amassed 620 yards, moved the ball at will and generally made Minnesota's offense look like rejects from Bernie Bierman's 1930s' playbook. The Gophers were limited to 149 yards and seven first downs to Michigan's 33. To compound the insult, Michigan Quarterback Dennis Franklin dared to throw a pass on fourth down. Admittedly, it was his only completion of the day, but normally he wouldn't get away with that even in practice.

While Oklahoma was also winning big, Nebraska was winning little, 7-3 over Oklahoma State. "I'm shaking now, I've got the chills," Nebraska Cornerback Ardell Johnson said after making the game-winning fumble

recovery at the Cornhusker goal with only 3:22 left. Monsterrman Wonderful Monds Jr. hit Oklahoma State's Charlie Weatherbie hard on the Nebraska one-yard line, and Weatherbie dropped the ball. Johnson, who had previously blocked a field-goal attempt, scooped it up.

The bomb and the bobble started Notre Dame toward its best first half in years as the Irish whooped Miami 38-7. Tom Clements hit Ed Pate Demmerle for a 47-yard touchdown on the game's sixth play. Then,

## PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

**OFFENSE:** Sophomore Quarterback Ron Bass, who started for the injured Jeff Grantz, rushed a remarkable 39 times for 213 yards and scored two touchdowns to lead South Carolina to its 31-23 upset of North Carolina.

**DEFENSE:** Iowa State Safety Barry Hill intercepted four passes during a 22-6 win over favored Kansas, setting a career record of 18. The ed mark, which was held by Durrell Royal of Oklahoma, was achieved in four seasons.

after Miami drove 70 yards only to miss a field goal, a booming 69-yard Notre Dame punt put the Hurricane back deep in its own pond, where Clarence Latimer fumbled. Fullback Wayne Bullock scored on the next play, his 11th touchdown of the season. Notre Dame went with Miami after that, passing for an unusual 186 yards (and two scores) in 28 attempts. As for the defense, Miami's leading ground-gainer was Punter Rod Huffman with 37 yards on one surprise run.

In the Big Eight, Missouri beat Colorado 30-24. Tony Galbreath, a junior college transfer who did not start a game until last week, scored three touchdowns, rushed for 146 yards, and caught four passes for 59 yards. Iowa State surprised Kansas 22-6, to make its conference record 2-1. But this week the Cyclones play Oklahoma.

In the Big Ten, Iowa upset 4-1-1 Illinois, 14-12. To do it, the Hawkeyes' Ed Osovin had to catch an eight-yard screen pass with 17 seconds left in the game after Iowa had been penalized back from the three. Iowa's other touchdown was set up by a fumble recovery on the Illinois 48. Michigan State walked over Purdue 31-7, and Wisconsin got past Indiana 35-25.

Miami of Ohio ground down Toledo 20-22 to gain sole possession of first place in the Mid-American Conference. Sophomore Fullback Rob Carpenter's three touchdowns enabled the Redskins to run their undefeated streak to 19 games.

#### 1. Ohio State (7-0)

2. Oklahoma (6-0) 3. Michigan (7-0)



## Start fresh with Belair.

And have a picnic with these two refreshing Belair ideas.

**MAGNAVOX PORTABLE RADIO**—yours for free B&W coupons, the valuable extra on every pack of Belair. For your free Gift Catalog, write: Box 12, Louisville, Ky. 40201.



**FOLDING PICNIC TABLE**—only \$29.00. For smoking pleasure, nothing is fresher tasting than Belair. For outdoor enjoyment, another fresh idea is the Belair folding picnic table. Opens out from its luggage-type carrying case to seat four. Delivered to you for only \$29.00 and one Belair end-flap. Enjoy Belair, with the right touch of menthol, and your Belair picnic table, too. Offer limited. Order yours now!



### MAIL:

\$29.00 plus one Belair carton end-flap, to:  
Folding Picnic Table Offer, P.O. Box 3000 FPT,  
Louisville, Ky. 40201.

- (Check color preference: ☐ Red ☐ Light Blue)  
Make payable to **FOLDING PICNIC TABLE OFFER**.  
☐ Certified Check ☐ Money Order

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

(I am 21 years of age or older)

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

(No P.O. Boxes, please)

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

Note: Offer limited to U.S.A. and expires 7/1/75. Order now while supply lasts. Please allow 6 to 9 weeks for delivery.

48

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings, 15 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine, long, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '74

## INTERWOVEN PRO-SOCKS ARE AVAILABLE AT THESE FINE STORES

### ILLINOIS

Aurora: Cambridge Ltd.  
Aurora: Plaza Mens Shop  
Aurora: Scooty Shoes  
Barrington: S. Lopusky & Son  
Bellevue: Small's  
Blue Island: Kline's Dept. Store  
Cary: Hartley's Mens  
Chicago: Bagby & Knibbers  
Chicago: The Crawford Store Inc.  
Chicago: Karoff's Inc.  
Chicago: Wolke Koller  
Oak Park: Spiegel's Dept. Store  
Elgin: Joe Spess Co.  
Evanston: Elm Dept. Store  
Evanston: West Bootery  
Fairbury: Huber's  
Glenview: Dell's Apparel  
Highland Park: The Fell Co.  
Highland Park: J. B. Garrett Co.  
Winfield: Olson's  
Joliet: The Best Store  
Kewanee: The Hub  
La Grange: Duff & Lad Tag  
Lombard: Henderson's Dept. Store  
Lombard: Madigan's  
Lombard: Karoff's Men's Wear  
Lombard: Sportmart Inc.  
Melrose Park: Madigan's  
Mendota: Katal's  
Moline: Mosenfelder's Inc.  
Moline: Suburra-Slats  
Ailes: Sportmart Inc.  
Northfield: Village Bootery  
Park Ridge: Kyles Mens Wear  
Park Ridge: Wishes Shoes  
Peoria: Berger's  
Princeton: Gary's of Princeton  
Rockford: Carley's & Longenecker  
Rockford: The Charles V. Wesco Co. Inc.  
Rock Island: Mosenfelder's Inc.  
Rolling Meadows: Crawford Suburban Inc.  
Sawdust: French's  
St. Charles: Colton's Dept. Store  
Serving: The Charles V. Wesco Co. Inc.  
Taylorville: Summer's Inc.  
Waukegan: The Globe B/S  
Waukegan: Karoff's Men's Wear  
Winnetka: Anderson's Store for Men  
Winnetka: Vose Bootery of Winnetka

### INDIANA

Africa: Sam Newman Store  
Madison: Shopara's

### IDAHO

Ames: Jameson's  
Gavensport: Mosenfelder's Inc.  
Gavensport: Peterson's  
Des Moines: Frankel's  
Des Moines: Klein's Dept. Store  
Des Moines: The Left  
Dubuque: Roshak's  
Hawoken: Jacobi's

### KANSAS

Dallas: Canality Shop "Hals"  
Overland Park: Gateway Sport Shops  
Overland Park: Jones Store  
Overland Park: Luten's  
Topeka: Luten's  
Wichita: Head Shoe Co.  
Wichita: J. M. McDonald

### MICHIGAN

Auburn: Kline's Dept. Store  
Ann Arbor: Kline's Dept. Store  
Allan: The Grange Store  
Battle Creek: Cokes Clothes of Distinction  
Bay City: The Shoe Market  
Birmingham: The Barn  
Birmingham: Crowley's Men Shops  
Bloomington: Horner's Mall  
Bloomington: Crowley's Men Shops  
Crosby: Bill's Mens Wear  
Detroit: Crowley's Men Shops  
Detroit: Groswood Sporting Goods  
Grosse Pointe: The Fair  
Escanaba: B/S  
Farmington: Crowley's Men Shops  
Flint: Imperial Sport Center  
Flint: Sherwin's Shoes

Flint: Smith Bridgman's  
Flint: DeKappers Mens & Boys Wear  
Grand Haven: Anjers  
Grand Rapids: Holmes Clothes  
Grand Rapids: Jurgens & Heitlwever  
Grand Rapids: Lavenna Dept. Store  
Grand Rapids: J. W. Neimeyer Inc.  
Grand Rapids: Rogers Dept. Store  
Grandville: The Top Shop  
Hart: Powers Store  
Holland: Lokker-Rutters  
Houghton: Co. Hays & Co.  
Iron Mountain: Koffman's For Men  
Jackson: J. W. Knapp Co.  
Kalamazoo: Judd Knappert Stores  
Kalamazoo: Koon-Knappert Co.  
Kalamazoo: Cullen Variety Shop  
Lansing: Holden & Red Inc.  
Lansing: J. W. Knapp Co.  
Livonia: Crowley's Men Shops  
Livonia: Kaplans Korner  
Livonia: Mosenfelder's Mens & Boys Wear  
Livonia: Kline's Dept. Store  
Livonia: Anjers  
Livonia: J. W. Knapp Co.  
Livonia: Anjers  
Livonia: Koon-Knappert Co.  
Livonia: Wolfe's & Sons  
Livonia: The Barn  
Livonia: Mosenfelder's Dept. Store  
Livonia: Crowley's Mens Shop  
Livonia: Haskin's  
Livonia: Morley's  
Livonia: Weichmann's  
Livonia: Optima's  
Livonia: Rehmann's Clothiers  
Livonia: Wilkins Inc.  
Livonia: Markus & Elias  
Livonia: Mulholland Dept. Store  
Livonia: Rogers Dept. Store  
Livonia: Wynn's  
Livonia: Bob's Clothes Shop  
Livonia: Colburn-Hillard Inc.  
Livonia: Golder's  
Livonia: Patterson Clothing Co.  
Livonia: The Stag Shop  
Livonia: Broken's Men's Store  
Livonia: Carley's Mens Wear  
Livonia: Duffin Glass Block  
Livonia: Miller Mail Glass Block  
Livonia: M & K Man  
Livonia: Wohl's Dept. Store  
Livonia: Johnson's Dept. Store  
Livonia: Jim & Joe  
Livonia: Harbee's Clothing  
Livonia: Anjers-Larson-Milton  
Livonia: The Temple  
Livonia: M & K Man  
Livonia: Quinn's Clothing  
Livonia: Viren-Johnson Inc.  
Livonia: Virens Clothing  
Livonia: Matt J. Graft  
Livonia: Scheel's Sporting Goods  
Livonia: Brown & Lowe Inc.  
Livonia: Day's  
Livonia: Donaldson's  
Livonia: Lancer Shoes  
Livonia: Power's Dry Goods  
Livonia: Ekland's  
Livonia: Johnson's Dept. Store  
Livonia: Northport Clothing  
Livonia: Green Clothing  
Livonia: Lusholtz-Jensen  
Livonia: Avelon's  
Livonia: Perrean's Inc.  
Livonia: St. Paul Miller's Clothing  
Livonia: Skopina Store  
Livonia: Josephson's Clothing  
Livonia: Adler's Sporting Goods  
Livonia: Dayton's  
Livonia: B & L Family Store  
Livonia: Bill's Toggery  
Livonia: Finkel's  
Livonia: Herbbergers for the Male  
Livonia: Mettrath  
Livonia: Dayton's  
Livonia: Field-Schick Inc.  
Livonia: Lancer Stores

St. Paul: Power's Dry Goods  
St. Peter: Mark & Jerry's  
Stewartville: Warren's  
Watkins: Stern & Field  
Wayzata: The Foursome  
White Bear Lake: Pannous Clothing  
Winnetka: Remy's Mens Wear  
Winnetka: Torgerson Clothing  
Winnetka: The Stag Inc.

### MISSOURI

Bellevue: Mosenfelder's Dept. Store  
Fair River: Reynolds Mens Shop  
Florissant: Larry's of Florissant  
Jackson: Reckers  
Kansas City: Gateway Sport Shops  
Kansas City: Robinson Store Co.  
Kansas City: Six Star & Fuller  
Ladysburg: Blum's  
St. Charles: Mosenfelder's Dept. Store  
St. Charles: Thru's  
St. Joseph: Hirsch's  
St. Louis: Farnham Barn Co.  
St. Louis: Six Star & Fuller  
Warrensburg: Russell Bros. Clothing

### NEBRASKA

Aurora: Merigano Men's Wear  
Council Bluffs: Lohr Oehler  
Hastings: The Mens Shop

### NORTH DAKOTA

Bismarck: Herbbergers  
Dickinson: The Fad  
Fargo: Dayton's  
Fargo: Northport Clothing  
Wahpeton: Stein's Clothing

### OHIO

Akron: The M O Neil Co.  
Austintown: Strauss  
Barnhart: Strauss  
Canton: The M O Neil Co.  
Chillicothe: Berth's  
Cleveland: The May Co. Inc.  
Columbus: Evans & Schwartz  
Dayton: Elder-Berman Skirts  
Fairview: The M O Neil Co.  
Lakewood: Geiger's Sport Goods  
Lorain: The May Co. Inc.  
Mansfield: The M O Neil Co.  
Maple Hill: The May Co. Inc.  
Meyers: The May Co. Inc.  
North Olmsted: The May Co. Inc.  
Painesville: Marshall Sporting Goods  
Parma: The May Co. Inc.  
Shaker Square: Standard Sportswear  
Stow: The M O Neil Co.  
University Heights: The May Co. Inc.  
Warren: Strauss  
Youngstown: Strauss  
Zanesville: Larry Wade Ltd.

### SOUTH DAKOTA

Rapid City: Haggerty's Dept. Store

### WISCONSIN

Appleton: Gombel's  
Appleton: Gladmans  
Ashland: Stern & Feld  
Barrington: B/S  
Bellevue: The Charles V. Wesco Co. Inc.  
Black River Falls: Farnes Clothing  
Cortland: Bretzka's Dept. Store  
Delevan: Matheson Clothing Inc.  
Hartford: Pious-Noy  
LaCrosse: Newberg's Old  
Madison: Burman's  
Madison: Gombel's  
Madison: Lord Jim  
Madison: H. H. Petre Sporting Goods  
Manitowish: Goldberg's Mens Store  
Muskegon: Cash Store  
Menomonie: St. Clair-Billings Co.  
Middleton: Wm. Roberts Inc.  
Milwaukee: Bestall Store  
Milwaukee: Gombel's  
Milwaukee: Harker's Shirts Store  
Milwaukee: Lord Jim  
Platteville: Tiedemann Men's Wear  
Racine: Golden Hanger  
River Falls: Kistler Clothing  
Walworth: Wal's Dept. Store Inc.  
West De Pere: Van Dyle Clothing



## When Don Shula keeps the Dolphins on their toes, our Pro-socks are on his feet.

Only someone who is able to stand up under a lot of pressure, can lead his team to victory in the Super Bowl. Two years in a row.

Which is why Don Shula takes such good care of his feet.

To make sure they're comfortable, he always dresses them in Interwoven Pro-Socks.

Socks that have such softly cushioned soles, they almost make his feet feel like cheering.



What's more, since Pro-Socks come in so many sport styles, Don Shula's feet could even walk in comfort on the golf course.

Interwoven Pro-Socks. They're such super socks for only \$1.50 and up, it just stands to reason Don Shula would wear them to the Super Bowl.

### Interwoven®

Sports equipment by MacGregor

Shown before: a 1926 Lincoln L-Series Town Car



Among cars, there are  
many famous eights.  
Among bourbons,  
there is one.

**8-YEAR-OLD  
WALKER'S  
DELUXE**





Fishermen trolled for coho salmon on Lake Erie last month while inshore at Buffalo's Erie Basin Marina lunchers at the outdoor restaurant tables enjoyed the breeze. There was even talk of building a park nearby on the Buffalo River, the main shipping channel.

Fishermen trolling off Buffalo? People eating by the shore? Talk of a park along the Buffalo River, "the hitziest stream in America" only a few years ago? Yes, and then some. "Dead" Lake Erie and the grungy Buffalo River are making a remarkable comeback.

The water is not clean enough for swimming as yet, but the signs of improvement are there. In the last two years the lake bottom off Buffalo has produced abundant hatches of caddis flies. "This last happened in the 1930s when conditions were getting worse," says Dr. Robert Sweeney of the State University College at Buffalo. "The fish and insects that prey on the caddis were dying from pollution and could not hold the flies in check. I think what we're seeing now are the same conditions in reverse."

No one could be more heartened by this news than Stanley P. Spisiak, a retired jeweler and realtor and full-time conservationist. Forty years ago Spisiak began a one-man campaign against defilement of the lake and its tributaries, and for a long time his was a lonely voice. Now he is being hailed as the area's savior. Strangers come up to shake his hand, and even the *Buffalo Evening News*, which long ignored Spisiak, has paid editorial tribute.

The cleanup urged by Spisiak began several years ago, but success was not evident to the eye until last spring when smallmouth bass and coho began showing up in the Buffalo River. In past years the Buffalo was so polluted with acids and other industrial chemicals that boaters who mistakenly ventured upstream sometimes became ill. If a dead fish were floating in the river, no one could have seen it because the surface was black with oil. On four different occasions the river caught fire, once sending flames 30 feet high in midwinter. Even without a fire, the Buffalo was unusually hot in summer because industry sucked it in and forced it out repeatedly for cooling purposes, and there was so much evaporation in

## Rebirth of a 'dead' lake

**For 40 years a Buffalo jeweler dedicated himself to restoring Erie to the gem it once was. Now the waters are showing the first sparkle of life**

the process that the river often ran backward as water surged in from Lake Erie.

Spisiak was so excited by this year's spring-run fish that he called James Biggane, the state conservation commissioner, to have a look from the river's Harlem Road bridge, and a department collecting crew came up with yellow perch, sheepshead and carp and just missed a big trout.

Conditions continued to improve during the summer. The lake water off Buffalo showed a clarity not seen in years, and a few schools of fish even took up residence in the river. "There are minnows in the river in the slip at Pacific Molasses," says Tom Reardon, harbor master of the Port of Buffalo and a former police diver. "When I used to dive in the river, the diaphragm on my regulator would actually clog up from the pollution."

Elsewhere throughout the lake there are encouraging signs, although not as dramatic as in the Buffalo area. Dr. Andrew White of John Carroll University has observed a few northern pike spawning in Cleveland Harbor, and green sunfish, carp and goldfish are living year-round in Ohio's Cuyahoga River, which also has caught fire in the past. "I think the lake can be fixed," says Dr. White. "It can be almost restored."

Historically, Erie was a treasure. The southernmost and shallowest of the Great Lakes, it was the most productive in fish because of sunlight penetration, natural fertility and variety of habitat. A study in the 1920s described the plankton in the lake as occurring in "almost unbelievable abundance," and a biologist noted that a five-minute plankton haul in Erie netted 10 times the amount obtained in two hours in the Atlantic Ocean. The annual commercial fish catch, up to 75 million pounds as late as 1956, often equaled that of the four other Great

Lakes combined. Until the mid-1950s, the flood of pollution entering the lake was dismissed because of the naive notion that Erie, the 12th largest lake in the world, was simply too vast to be affected, and moreover, according to the 1920s study, the wind "aerates the water and in the presence of sunlight dilutes and quickly eliminates waste products." As various desirable species, such as the lake trout, blue pike, sauger, cisco and whetfish, disappeared, overfishing was blamed. For all of Spisiak's warnings, it was not until 1955 that alarm bells began to ring, albeit somewhat softly, in official circles. That was the year ento-

continued



SPISIAK CHECKS A LAKE TRIBUTARY

## Anniversary...



**CROSS®**  
SINCE 1848

14 Karat Gold Filled  
or Sterling Silver Writing Instruments  
At Better Stores Worldwide

©Copyright 1979, A.T. CROSS COMPANY, LONDON, ENGLAND

## CONSERVATION

mologist N. Wilson Britt found that the sudden decline of mayflies, a valuable fish food, in the western basin was due to low oxygen caused by pollution.

For Spisiak, alarm bells had been ringing since the 1930s. The 15th of 16 children of Polish immigrants, he was orphaned at 16 and went into the jewelry business for himself with \$196 in capital. He first became involved in preserving the lake's resources when he protested against the dredges that used to flock to Buffalo to suck up the sand off Woodlawn Beach, where he swam. Spisiak argued that they were destroying spawning grounds in the lake, and with the help of a local assemblyman he was able to persuade the state legislature to enact a bill putting an end to the dredging. By then Spisiak was hooked on conservation, and he gave most of his time to it; his jewelry business was seasonal, involving the Christmas trade and June graduations and weddings. He educated himself in water chemistry and fishery biology to the point where he began teaching teachers, and he also served as president of three sportsmen's clubs and became active in the New York State Conservation Council.

For the last 24 years Spisiak has been chairman of the Water Resources Committee of the council, which represents 300,000 organized sportsmen in the state. A tireless speaker (31 appearances in 25 days recently), he was not a popular figure with politicians or industry officials as he declaimed against polluters. In 1953 he began carrying a pistol after part of his nose was torn loose from his face by two thugs who had been hired to throw him down a flight of stairs after one of his speeches.

As Spisiak saw it, Lake Erie's problems were manifold, but the principal one was the annual dredging of pollutants from the 15 lake ports. The resulting "spoil" was then dumped in the open lake. In the Buffalo River alone, the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers dredged 175,000 cubic yards of spoil a year to keep the river navigable. Indeed, industries discharged so much coal-tar residues and other wastes that barges serving the companies were unable to dock alongside the plants unless the spoil was dredged. All the spoil dredged by the corps was dumped in the lake two miles off Buffalo. Inasmuch as the corps had been dredging and dumping at the same site

for more than 50 years and the lake depth was still 35 to 50 feet, Spisiak maintained that the countless tons of pollutants were being widely dispersed by currents. The corps disagreed. "Idiots," said Spisiak. He urged that the spoil be placed in diked impoundments so pollutants could not circulate in the lake.

All told, the corps was dredging and dumping 4.5 million cubic yards of spoil each year from the 15 lake ports. "Enough," Spisiak was fond of telling congressional committees and anyone else who would listen, "to fill a 500-mile-long freight train of coal cars. They would reach from Buffalo to Washington, D.C."

In January of 1966 Spisiak went to Washington to receive the Water Conservationist of the Year award from the National Wildlife Federation. Seated next to Mrs. Lyndon Johnson at the dinner, he told her of the corps' abuse of Lake Erie. Lady Bird brought the problem to her husband's attention, and that August they both came to Buffalo to see Spisiak. On the morning of the President's arrival, Spisiak took a Coast Guard cutter up the Buffalo River and used a bucket to haul up slop from the bottom. When the presidential party came on board, Spisiak handed the bucket and starrer to the President. LBJ starred the bucket. Everyone got a whiff.

Spisiak: They're dumping 175,000 cubic yards of this slop right out in the lake every year from the Buffalo River. They're dumping 4.5 million cubic yards every year from 15 ports.

LBJ: Who's they?

Spisiak: The U.S. Corps of Engineers.

LBJ: Why, those bastards!

Lady Bird: Oh, Lyndon, we mustn't let this continue.

LBJ: Don't worry, I'll take care of it. That fall Johnson issued an executive order decreeing that henceforth spoil was no longer to be dumped in the open lake but to be placed in diked impoundments. Concurrent with this, industries were forced to clean up, and a cooling-water project, supported by Spisiak, has put an end to companies pumping the Buffalo River and forcing it to run upstream instead of down. There is still work to be done, but Spisiak envisions the eventual reopening of Woodlawn Beach, where he started his crusade. "We're on the one-yard line," he says. "I hope there's no fumble."

END

## Volkswagen's Sublime-to-the-Ridiculous Sale

## The Sublime VW 412



## The Ridiculous VW Thing

(Participating dealers only.)



BRIDGE / Charles Goren

## Comic no trump has the last laugh

**B**efore the beginning of a session, duplicate bridge players are required to fill out a card listing their conventions. The fact that some players use so many as to overload their convention cards gave rise to the rule that when someone makes an unusual bid his partner is required to tap the table and call "Alert!" The next player, thus warned that the bid he has just heard does not mean what it sounds like, then has the right to ask for an explanation before taking any action.

I am going to alert you to the meanings of the conventions used in this deal, which helped decide the 1974 Men's Pair Championship. Then it will be your problem to select an opening lead from the West hand, so I suggest you cover the other cards until you have learned about the "comic no trump" and "western cue bid" used in the auction.

*North-South vulnerable  
North dealer*

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1♠	INT(1)	DBL	PASS
PASS	3♠	3NT	PASS
3♦(1)	DBL(1)		PASS
PASS	PASS		

Each of the bids marked with an exclamation point was accompanied by a table rap and a call of "Alert!" East's initial bid was the comic no trump, indicating either a genuine no-trump overcall or a hand on which one would ordinarily make a weak jump overcall in an as yet unspecified suit. South's double told North that East had the second type of hand, and East's retreat to two spades confirmed the picture. South's bid of three clubs was highly encouraging; he had already shown some values by his double, and with only a fair hand he could have passed, leaving further action up to North.

The next table rap came when North bid three spades—a western cue bid announcing a partial stopper in spades and suggesting that South bid no trump if he could bolster the suit with a partial stopper of his own.

East's double of three spades wasn't just a nuisance action. It, too, required an alert because it was being used as a convention to guarantee either the ace or the king of the suit. South's three-no-trump bid, answering North's inquiry, then ended the auction.

As West, you now know a great deal about the hand. North's western cue bid of three spades and South's no-trump response have told you that one opponent has queen-small of spades as his partial stopper and that the other holds three spades to the jack. You can be sure of this because your partner's bidding has shown a six-card suit including the ace. You also know that East is likely to be devoid of high cards outside of the spade suit, but you have a sure reentry for your side in the ace of clubs.

Did you figure out, as West did, that in this special situation your lead should be the 5 of spades rather than the customary king? Look at the full deal. When declarer played a low spade from dummy, East inserted the 9 and South took the jack. He next ran off four tricks in hearts, using a diamond to get to dummy. Then, rather than give up, he led a club hoping to establish a ninth trick. But West won with the ace and returned the king of spades, engulfing dummy's queen, whereupon East overtook with the ace and cashed four more spade tricks for a two-trick set.

South didn't see it right away, but he could—and should—have foiled West's brilliant lead by playing dummy's queen of spades to the first trick or, as the cards lie, by refusing to win the first trick. (If East had held six to the ace-king and ducked, there would be nothing declarer could do about it.) But with this layout it wouldn't have helped East so much and the contract could not have been defeated. In fact, declarer would have made four no trump instead of being set at three.

END



## Spend a milder moment with Raleigh.

And discover really satisfying tobacco taste.



Here's a great gadget for gold panning and other outdoor activities! This 6-in-1 Tool is hatchet, hammer, saw (inside handle), nail puller, bottle opener and shovel, all in one. Yours for free B&W coupons, the valuable extra on every pack of Raleigh.

To see over 1000 gifts, write for your free Gift Catalog: Box 12, Louisville, Ky. 40201.

## Try Raleigh Extra Milds

Mild tobacco flavor  
Lowered tar

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Extra Milds, 13 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine, Filter Kings, 16 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine, Longs, 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '74

# NEW Harley-Davidson SX-250

Launch the free life. And do it on the all-new SX-250. The Harley-Davidson breakthrough in motorcycling. It's built to take you wherever freedom calls—the boulevards, the bush, the boonies. Because it boasts of a frame and shocks to tame the toughest trails. Competition-type front fork. Dirt-proof labyrinth seal hubs. Quick-change ISDT rear hub. And solid state CDI ignition for maximum reliability. Here are more reasons to celebrate. A chrome bore 2-cycle aluminum single cylinder power plant. Less wear, less heat. 5-speed box. Primary kick start—kick it over in any gear. Plus an integral oil reservoir located within the frame. Tachometer as well as a true enduro odometer, resettable in either direction. There it is. SX-250. Join the party and come on in to your Harley-Davidson dealer—now!



Harley-Davidson believes in safety first. Before you start out—put on your lights, your helmet—and watch out for the other guy.

Member Motorcycle Industry Council





**The Great American Freedom Machines.**



# New Zenith Allegro® brings deeper, richer sound to 4-channel.

## Here's how:

You're looking at the Zenith Allegro tuned port.\* It's part of a sound system with a difference.

You see, a lot of speakers (even air-suspension types) trap deep, rich bass inside the speaker cabinet, so you never hear it. But this tuned port channels out more of that sound, so you do hear it. (In fact, if you put your hand over the port, you can even feel it.)

With a specially-designed woofer for solid buzz and mid-range tones, plus a horn-type tweeter for crystal-clear high notes, Allegro delivers virtually the full range of sound of the original performance. And does it so efficiently that other systems with comparable-size air-suspension speakers need amplifiers with twice the power to match Allegro's overall sound performance.



But that's not all. Because behind this remarkable speaker system is some equally remarkable componentry.

A solid-state tuner/amplifier designed specifically for use with Allegro speakers, and featuring AM, FM, and even 4-channel matrix FM reception, where available. A 4-channel discrete 8-track tape player. A precision record changer for 4-channel matrix records.

And you can even play (and greatly improve the sound from) stereo broadcasts, tapes, and records.

Zenith Allegro 4-channel. Once you hear it, you'll know how 4-channel sound should sound.

\*patent pending

## The surprising sound of Zenith.



The quality goes in before the name goes on®



THE QUADRILLE—Model F735W



The board chairman of Vaclav Nedomansky Enterprises Ltd. of Canada—Vaclav Nedomansky himself—gavied the meeting to order last Friday morning. No time to waste, gentlemen. I've got to play a hockey game tonight, and I want to get some sleep this afternoon. Seated to the chairman's right, chin in hand, was legal counsel, R. Alan Eagleson. Across the table, also chin in hand, was the chairman's friend and interpreter, George Gross, known as "the Baron." Counsel presented his report, speaking rapidly in English but occasionally pausing as the Baron relayed the message in Czech.

The health insurance for Vaclav (pronounced Vatz-lav), wife Vera and son Vaclav Jr. was in effect. As was the life insurance. A checking account was operative. Ditto a savings account. The credit cards should be arriving in the mail. The leases have been signed for the new apartment. And, yes, Vaclav had passed his driver's test. "Any questions?"

"Two," said the chairman, extending a pair of fingers. When he defected from Czechoslovakia to Canada by way of Switzerland last summer (SI, July 29), Nedomansky left his old Chrysler with the attorney in Bern who had been hired by his new employers, the Toronto Toros of the World Hockey Association. The lawyer had been instructed to sell it and forward the proceeds to Nedomansky.

"No money," said the chairman.

"I'll look into that immediately," Eagleson said, scribbling on a yellow legal pad. "If worse comes to worst, we'll get the money from the Toros. Next?"

"My new car," said the chairman. Before the ink dried on his five-year, \$750,000 contract, Nedomansky had bought a white 1975 Thunderbird with all the extras. The car, Nedomansky said, was in need of its 1,000-mile checkup.

"I'll call over," said Eagleson, scribbling again. "Drop it off some morning next week, and it will be ready for you by the time practice is over. Anything else?"

"No," said the chairman, shaking his head. "Thank you."

Back in Bratislava, the only board meetings Nedomansky ever attended had been on the ice when he crashed into them, something that didn't happen very often to "Big Ned," the captain of the Czech national team. "Because of my position," Nedomansky says, "I was always able to get what I wanted for my family." What he wanted last summer

was a family holiday in Switzerland, a junket with no return as it turned out. But let's go back for a moment.

Three years ago, during a Canadian tour with the Czech nationals, Nedomansky managed to leak word of his possible availability to the NHL through the Baron, who had defected to the West in 1949 after being jailed following the Communist takeover of Czechoslovakia in 1948. "I had known Big Ned for about seven years," says Gross, now sports editor of the *Toronto Sun*, "because I had always entertained Czech players on their visits to Canada and met them at the World Hockey Championships." At the time, Big Ned was on the negotiating list of the NHL Buffalo Sabres. Gross arranged a meeting between Sabres General Manager Punch Imlach and Dr. Zdenek Andrst, president of the Czech Hockey Federation, at the Westbury Hotel in Toronto. No deal. "I was only 27 years old then," recalls Nedomansky, "and Czechoslovakia still needed me. When you become 30, that's when they don't need you anymore. I had to wait."

Nedomansky turned 30 last March, his birthday party attended by representatives of both the WHA's Toros and the NHL's Atlanta Flames, who had gained negotiating rights from Buffalo. Again, the agents first tried to deal for him through legal channels, but when the Czech federation continued to signal thumbs down, efforts moved underground. People in strange clothes began showing up at Nedomansky's duplex apartment in Bratislava at very strange hours—and knowing his affection for good vibes, they came loaded with the latest Neil Diamond, Simon and Garfunkel and Crosby, Stills & Nash releases. Eventually, Nedomansky requested a visa for the Swiss holiday, but the message was clear to his Western wooers: Don't call me, I'll call you.

It was a bittersweet July day when the Nedomanskys packed three suitcases into the Chrysler and left Bratislava. "Any more than three bags and we would have aroused suspicion. Everyone thought we'd be back in a couple of weeks," he says. Once in Switzerland, according to plan, Nedomansky met teammate Richard Farda, another Czech national player who had been given a vacation visa for his family. Representatives of the Toros and the Flames were contacted, and their respective general managers arrived in Bern the next day.



One reason Toronto's Toros are still unbeaten is a burly center who arrived via the underground

## Payoff on a big Czech

The contract sessions carried on for four days, however, the Toros' Buck Houle was so confident that he had already begun immigration arrangements.

For Nedomansky, the switch in lifestyles has been easier than expected, thanks to the Baron and his wife Elizabeth, not unexpectedly known as "the Barones." "George takes me everywhere and gives me a kick when I need it," Ned says, "and Elizabeth takes Vera shopping, makes her speak English and helps her fix the apartment." Although his English is good enough to get by in restaurants, Big Ned is hoping to speed up his adjustment to Canada with a Berlitz course. "I was one test away from my degree in physical fitness at the Univer-

—continued

## The ultimate chukka boot

The Baja from After Hours by J&M.

A superbly crafted soft suede chukka so surprisingly light and comfortable you may forget you have them on. With cushiony sole of pure plantation crepe, and innersoles of glove leather. Shown in brown suede. Also available in sand suede; dark brown and honey buffalo calfskin; and dark brown buffalo calfskin, \$35; with fleece linings, \$37.

**AFTER  
HOURS**  
by J&M



Johnston & Murphy A Division of Cinesco ©8 The Apparel Company, Nashville, Tennessee

## If you give us half a chance, we'll give you a full refund. Free Cavendish No.79\*

If you like the lighter taste of imported tobaccos, you'll love the famous aroma of Mixture No. 79 in a great new Cavendish cut.

Roll-up pouch, too, like the fancy imports. (But without those fancy prices.)

When you buy a pouch, take a coupon from the special Cavendish No. 79 display. Mail it to us with the word "Cavendish" from the front of the pouch, and tell us how much you paid.

You'll get your money back. And we hope we'll get you back.

Mixture No. 79 also comes in Regular and Cherry Brandy.



If your tobaccoist can't have our special display, just send the word "Cavendish" from the front of the pack to this address: Free Offer, Box 4146, 600 Perdue Ave., Richmond, Va. 23226. (Limit One per customer. Offer expires 12/31/75. Allow 4-6 weeks for refund.)

## HOCKEY

city of Bratislava, and I was only a few credits short of another degree, in biology," he says. "Once I learn to speak English, I will write to some universities and try to get a position as a teacher in the off-season."

On the ice the adjustment should be less of a problem. Nedomansky centers Toronto's No. 1 line for Frank Mahovlich and Tony Featherstone. (Farda presently is the Toros' No. 4 line center.) "Ned needs 15 or 20 games around the league, and then he'll be all right," Mahovlich says. "The ice here is smaller than in Europe, and we make quicker passes than they do."

Nedomansky agrees with Mahovlich's assessment. "Back home we used the scientific approach," he says. "We always tried to make plays. Here you shoot the puck in all the time and then go chase it. It's a new game for me."

New game or not, Nedomansky's adroit puck handling has enabled him to score three goals in Toronto's first five games. And as he skated onto the ice at Maple Leaf Gardens for last Friday night's game with the Winnipeg Jets the crowd of more than 14,000—the Toros' largest ever—was chorusing "Big Ned, Big Ned, Big Ned." Among those spectators was another Czechoslovakian-born center studying Big Ned from the stands. "I guess they don't make small centers any more in Czechoslovakia," said 5'9" Stan Mikita of the Chicago Black Hawks. Nedomansky stands 6'2", weighs 205 pounds and has shoulders like an Ohio State lineman.

In at least one way Nedomansky should have felt at home, thanks to Winnipeg's own international makeup, including a quartet of Swedes—Ulf Nilsson and Anders Hedberg, who play on a line with Bobby Hull, tough Defenseman Lars-Eric Sjoberg and Goalie Curt Larson—and a pair of Finns, Defenseman Heikki Riihiranta and Center Veli-Pekka Ketola. After Hull scored an early goal, Toronto dominated play, winning 3-1 to remain undefeated in the WHA's Canadian Division.

Nedomansky scored the final Toros goal, converting from the slot on a power play set up from behind the net. Mikita beamed when Big Ned fired the puck past Goaltender Joe Daley.

"Just another good Czech center," he said. And, like Mikita, another Czech center who has already become a skating corporation.

END



ALL PURE WOOL

A world of color and coordination, exclusive fabrics and designs, and the natural quality of the ultimate 100% virgin wool. There's no place quite like it. From our Facesetter Collection: patterned sweater, \$35; slacks, \$40; sport coat, \$100; sleeveless V-neck sweater, \$18.50; slacks, \$35. For further information write Dept. PS, Pendleton Woolen Mills, Portland, Oregon 97207.

# A Run for Their Money





... and maybe their lives. Business executives seem to be taking the word of Dr. Kenneth Cooper as gospel, crowding into his Aerobics Center in Dallas to jog and pedal and plunge their way toward healthy disciplines by KENNY MOORE

Grant Fitts, 56, is president and chairman of the board of the Gulf Life Holding Company, an insurance conglomerate that has assets of more than \$800 million. A colloquial, narrow-eyed Texan, he has just left his private metallic-wallpapered gym in Dallas after running four level miles on a treadmill at eight minutes per mile and walking another mile with the treadmill set at a five-degree angle, for a total of 24 aerobic points. Those are the indicators of oxygen consumption invented and made famous in the books *Aerobics* and *The New Aerobics* by Dr. Kenneth Cooper, a neighbor whom Fitts is discussing.

"My own doctor slights ole Copper," he says, suppressing a smile. "These doctors are all jealous of course. Seems the American Medical Association frowns on this exercise kick because no one yet has come up with real, hard proof that it prevents disease. And I'll agree that right now it depends on faith. But there are a hell of a lot of us who don't enjoy runnin' all that much, but who suspect there's somethin' to it. When I read Copper's first book I'd had an allergy for years—huge practices these allergists have, 'cause they never cure anybody, just give 'em shots for 10 years. My nose would stop up at the mention of dust. Well, I started in. At the time I had a penthouse—fairly roomy, about 4,400 square feet—so I put in a 50-yard track and ran around the apartment. I did it for my heart, but you know after a month that allergy was gone!" Fitts now lives in a townhouse of such Byzantine opulence as to paralyze his guest, who is unaccustomed to fruit bowls twice as valuable as his own house.

"Let me tell you about my man Hobbes," Fitts continues. "When I promoted him to president of our largest subsidiary, I knew he'd had a heart attack some time before. I didn't pressure him to go to ole Copper, I swear I didn't. I just said, like we do to all our key men, we'll make everything available free, we'd like you to go, and what have you got to lose? Well, he went along and took his tests—that tank is enough to spook you [in Cooper's examination, patients are measured underwater, in what appears to be a torpedo tube, to determine through displacement the percentage of their body weight that is fat]. He stayed on the treadmill [a standardized stress test in which the patient's

continued

## Aerobics continued

heart rate, electrocardiogram and blood pressure are monitored] eight minutes—very poor. But he followed the exercise program they gave him, walking first, then a little jogging, then a little more. He's no fanatic. Why should he chance busting something loose again? But now he goes 19 minutes on the treadmill and there is no evidence of heart damage. He's in super health and doing a magnificent job for the company." Fitts pauses a moment, in reflection. "Course, it helps to be making \$150,000 a year."

Across the lane from Fitts' home, tinkling, misty piano music floats from

Fitts says. "I visited a cemetery near there more than a thousand years old. There was a huge wall and that was where people were buried—stuck 'em in this damn wall. I noticed the headstones, the dates, how long people had lived. Seemed if a guy made it to 20, he went on up to 70 or 80. But there were just hundreds who died as children. So you can talk about how we've raised life expectancy in this century, but you got to remember you're talkin' averages. What we've really done is remove the diseases of youth—polio, scarlet fever, typhoid, cholera, smallpox. . . . The kids get to grow up,

of statistically valid evidence. Today a researcher announcing a breakthrough expects to be criticized, and so it has been with Kenneth Cooper.

Cooper is convinced, and would dearly love to affirm, that proper exercise prevents heart disease. He cannot because while many studies have yielded correlations between the two (those who exercise do seem to have fewer heart attacks), the studies have not been structured in such a way to permit the inference of cause and effect. For example, of 460 men visiting the Cooper Clinic who were found to have positive electrocardiograms (a reliable indicator of heart disease), almost 60% were in the poor fitness category; only eight performed long enough on the treadmill to be rated in excellent physical condition. It may be that people who find it easy to stay in shape are also naturally resistant to coronary disease: a correlation between the two exists but exercise may not cause the low risk. The only way the question can be settled is through a lengthy study of two matched groups, one exercising and the other not, and comparing the rates of heart disease. Cooper proposes to do such a study in the course of the next decade. In the meantime he operates in that perilous zone between scientist and proselytizer.

"This is an idea that could reshape the lives of millions," he says in a low, level tone that conveys an intensity, a pressing on, an assumption of insatiable interest on the part of his listener. "We are working to quantify a level of fitness that protects you from coronary disease. We know of at least eight factors that increase the chance of heart disease: 1) lasting less than 15 minutes on our treadmill during a stress test, 2) a positive ECG, 3) blood pressure of 140-90 or higher, 4) cholesterol level of 250 or higher, 5) triglyceride level of 150 or more [the last two are measures of fatty tissue in the blood], 6) fasting blood sugar of 110 or above, 7) smoking, 8) body fat over 19% for men, 22% for women. We have found perfect correlations between our five fitness categories [measured, again, by how long patients stay on the treadmill] and six of these eight risk factors. We will be able to say there is a cause-and-effect relationship after our longitudinal study."

There are no pauses in Cooper's conversation. One is required to force one's way in. Is it the role of the researcher, he

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN SZABO



Cooper (foreground) monitors the fitness of a patient going through his paces on treadmill.

loudspeakers through the dense air, scoring what seems an animated marvel, a Disney-inspired line of jerky, thick-waisted, windup men trotting in candy-stripe shorts on a synthetic path beneath oaks and poplars, across little bridges, beside ducks bobbing on a pond. The bandy legs, nipple-soled shoes and wholesome and manifold expressions belong to Dallas business executives, members of the Aerobics Activity Center, who pay a little over a dollar a day for the privilege of retrofitting their cardiovascular systems on Dr. Cooper's home ground.

"A couple of years ago I spent some time in St. Andrews, Scotland," Grant

the averages rise, but people still die at 70, or less. Now it will be interesting to see if we can do anything about that. Ole Copper figures to try."

The American public has been down the garden path with its doctors before. In the 1930s thousands of ailing teeth were pulled, in the belief such treatment would ease aching joints. Perfectly healthy tonsils were removed in the 1940s when the prevailing dogma was that a tonsillectomy prevented infection. The memory of such hasty prescriptions underlies the medical profession's current insistence that innovations be judged on the ground

is asked, to predict the outcome of his own study with such assurance?

"Am I biased?" he says. "Of course, but not to the point of abusing science." He explains that the Institute for Aerobics Research is separate from his clinic and activity center. Physiologist Michael Pollock and Computer Scientist Gerry Purdy are in charge of evaluating the data generated in the center. "I've brought Mike and Gerry in to protect me from any of my hopes influencing the project," Cooper says. "I've been called a zealot, yes. And while it can be bad in pure science, enthusiasm and commitment are necessary to move things."

"I've been a driver all my life, first through the influence of my father, who required straight A's, and then in athletics when I was the 1949 Oklahoma state mile champion and made All-State in basketball that same year."

"I found my desire to succeed frustrated me in the military—it seemed that driving people are snuffed out or gotten rid of in the name of uniformity. I wanted to build an Aerobics Center for the Air Force, but the plan was blocked by my superiors. It never reached Air Force headquarters." In 1970, Cooper left the service and, at the urging of some corporation executives, began developing the center on an 8½-acre estate in Dallas. Counting himself, Cooper now has four full-time staff physicians at the clinic, 1,320 yards of Tartan jogging path, a 25-yard swimming pool, a weight room, steam and whirlpool baths in the activity center, an exotically equipped research facility across the street and 13 adjoining acres for expansion.

Of those who join the Activity Center (there are now 1,000 and a six-month waiting list just for the requisite examination) 65% renew their memberships. Since the rate at most health clubs is around 30%, Cooper's figure seems to show a rather profound altering of the patterns of men's lives. The Surgeon General's report on smoking and lung cancer a decade ago has had little effect on smoking levels. American eating habits have not changed appreciably since reports were published suggesting cholesterol was a factor in heart disease. If Cooper does prove exercise makes people heart-attack-proof, we might expect this finding, too, to sink beneath the tide of indifference. Yet Cooper seems to have licked the hard part. The enthusiasm of hardheaded men like Grant Fitts argues

strongly that Cooper has made a remarkable advance, if not in pure research, then in moving the people.

Cooper's tripartite organization channels patients first through exhaustive physical examinations in the clinic, then into carefully prescribed exercise in the Activity Center and finally to participation in research. Each step is calculated to gently wean men away from old habits. The emphasis in the examinations is upon communicating a personal concern for the patient and educating him in the specifics of his case.

"Three out of every five patients I see have some kind of hypertension [high blood pressure]," says Dr. Randy Martin of the Aerobics Center staff. "Most

"Take out the garbage regularly?"

A poster on the wall in front of the treadmill has a kitten clinging to a curtain rod, with the legend HANG IN THERE, BABY! Ray regards it dubiously, then looks down at his new white tennis shoes. At five minutes his pulse is 120. Martin repeats what he's explained earlier: "You've got to do 12 minutes to get out of the horrible category into the poor."

At six minutes Karen asks, "Are you dizzy or lightheaded?"

"I was born dizzy and lightheaded."

At eight minutes Ray's pulse is 140. He looks determined. "Everything is fine on the ECG," says Martin. "Don't be afraid to push yourself."

At 10 minutes Ray is blowing hard,



From dawn till dark the regimen continues, with clinic members zealously running up points.

forms are easily controlled with attention to diet, often just by cutting down on salt. No one has ever told these people one pickle has about as much salt as a man needs in a year."

Then there are the stress tests, usually the most revealing moments of an exam. For example, Martin is putting a portly Coors distributor from Wichita Falls—call him Ray—on the treadmill. After two minutes of long, swinging strides, Ray's pulse is 110 per minute. Karen Zuber, the technician who checks blood pressure and the ECG wiring, asks if Ray ever jogs.

"No, ma'am," he puffs.

"Tennis?"

"Nope."

pulse 160. At 11½ minutes he says quite suddenly, "That's enough!" and grabs for support. The machine is shut down and Ray helped to a chair. "You with me?" asks Martin.

"I'm with you," pants Ray. He is wide-eyed, intimidated. "I ran out of juice pretty quick."

Martin explains that the predicted maximum heart rate for his age and condition is 177. Ray only got to 162; therefore, this wasn't a satisfactory test. "I don't believe your legs are strong enough to push your heart all out," Martin says. "I want you to follow an exercise program I'll make out for you and come back for a retest in a few months. That shortness of breath you've been experi-

continued

# TALE OF THE FOX

BY AUDI

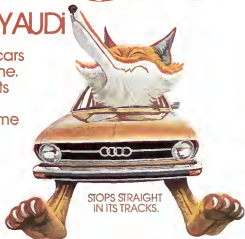
Once upon a time, all cars were more or less the same.

Then along came sports cars, economy cars, compact cars, you name it cars.



TAKES  
TURNS NIMBLY.

The latest of which is the "sports sedan." Which is supposed to be



STOPS STRAIGHT  
IN ITS TRACKS.

a sedan that has sports car features. But how many of them really are, though?

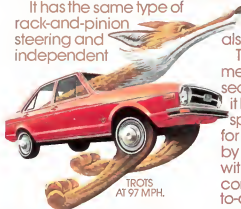
Enter the Fox by Audi: a real, true sports sedan.

Its front-wheel drive makes it incredibly surefooted. (It also gives you that traction you need to help get you



through the snow.)

It has the same type of rack-and-pinion steering and independent



TROTTS  
AT 97 MPH.

front suspension that are found on some of the finest sports cars. This allows it to take turns with an agility remarkable for a sedan.

We also put something in the Fox so advanced, sports cars don't even have it yet. A special front axle design that helps prevent swerving when you stop under certain adverse conditions. (Speaking of stopping, the Fox's front disc brakes and radial-ply tires enable it to stop practically on a dime.)

Most extraordinary of all, despite the fact that this peppy little creature's overhead-cam engine can do 0 to 50 in 8.4 seconds and has a top speed of 97 mph,

it has an amazingly small appetite: 25 miles per gallon. Its price is relatively small also: \$3975.\*

The interior, we might mention, is relatively large: seats five, comfortably. And it has an amount of trunk space almost unbelievable for a car this size. Its interior, by the way, is fairly smart, too, with things like fully-reclining contoured seats and door-to-door pile carpeting.

If you're in the market for a "sports sedan," try a true sports sedan: the Fox by Audi.

You'll drive happily ever after.



DOESN'T  
EAT MUCH.

## Aerobics continued

encing is a function of your weight and unfitness. Promise me you'll watch your diet and take another crack at this?" Ray, contrite and thoughtful, promises.

Later, Martin observes that a man's learning how far he can push himself is an important result of a training program. "That rather moderate fatigue probably was more than Ray had experienced in years. It may just have frightened him into stopping too soon." Occasionally, Martin says, the treadmill tests become stirring athletic contests. "I get turned on watching really fit people fighting to get the most out of themselves. Then I tend to yell."

Most general practitioners see 30 patients a day. Martin sees six. "I worry that what we're doing here might not be applicable to a wider segment of the public," he says. "This is preventive medicine, counseling people as to what is best for them from birth on. For this we have to have a different outlook and maybe different training. You don't get the drama of open-heart surgery or the instant

gratification of defibrillating someone in the emergency room. One problem in the clinic is our relatively high turnover of physicians. It is hard to feel your skills are put to complete use here. I'm fond of most of my patients, but I get so bored making up those booklets of results . . . I could do it in my sleep." In January Martin plans to leave for advanced cardiology training at Stanford.

Dr. David Becker left the staff of the Aerobics Center in July. "The reason for exercise is not proven, but I buy it," he says. "The key is how much. A physician doesn't say to a patient, 'Do what you can with digitalis,' he prescribes. Ken Cooper is near a crusader with a sword, but he has enabled us to give precise prescriptions of exercise and therein lies a great contribution."

Becker, too, has addressed himself to the rather narrow socioeconomic stratum that furnishes the bulk of the center's members: "I believe if you opened this to the hardhats, made everything free, not too many would come. A man

worried about putting meat on the table is not so concerned with reordering his life. You don't have to be affluent to afford the \$255 for an examination or \$450 a year to belong to the activity center, but if you see a black in the locker room, it's probably Jean Fugett, the Cowboy tight end. It's just that the men who have succeeded financially are now thinking about preserving themselves, prodded perhaps by someone close to them."

Once he is given a program by the medical staff, a patient reports to Activity Center Director Russ Harris. "My job is keeping people motivated," Harris says, "and motivation is skin-deep and soluble in alcohol." Harris succeeds with a barrage of such epigrams. "Taste makes waste," he says. "You don't stop exercising because you grow old. You grow old because you stop exercising." He runs dozens of contests for pounds lost or aerobic points scored, awards special T-shirts for 100, 500 and 1,000 miles jogged, and lectures on the urgency of filling out the center's computerized ex-

# Us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch!



King Size 21 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine,  
100 mm. 21 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report March '74.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

ercise log cards. "Of all the dropouts, 95% haven't filled out their cards," he roars, shaking in dumbfounded fury, a state he can maintain for one or two seconds before falling back into his basic posture of indelible boisterism. "A lot of our gimmicks are directed at the corporate people. They fly in from all over the country to enter the Tyler Cup, a two-mile run for time. At first I was awed by all the corporation Presidents, but you know they can't buy that 100-mile T shirt, they have to earn that recognition. No question about it, the people in key positions respond strongly to competitive programs." Sometimes too strongly. There have been fights on the basketball court in which the net worth of the combatants ran to nine figures.

For all his boyish energy, Harris spent six years as athletic director of the Canton (Ohio) YMCA and is an experienced student of the patterns of exercise involvement. "The hoopla, the log cards and mileage charts are the first stage," he says. "Next comes what might be called competitive compulsion, the stage where something like running a marathon seems crucial, even though a marathon is about 20 miles farther than anyone has to run to get the optimum health benefit. The third stage, which few people ever reach, is where a person finds physical activity satisfying for its own sake; you know then that there has been a long-term change in habits and lifestyle, in values maybe."

Harris does not find many executives who run or swim for its own sake. "I wonder about the happiness of corporate men," he says. "More often they seem to see exercise as a small price to pay. By playing up that and by stressing friendly competition, we might be neglecting our chance to nudge people onto level three, where they wouldn't need us any more. But we're new. I'm sure that will come."

Just before dawn in North Dallas there is evidence, albeit fleeting and muffled, that the fitness prescription has begun to trickle down from the key men. Joggers, wraiths in the evaporating darkness, scurry down lanes and sidewalks. At 5:15 on this starry, quiet morning, the Aerobics Center is ablaze (Cooper has \$25,000 worth of lighting strung in the oaks above the jogging paths). Swimmers are suspended, opaque and crawling, in the shimmering blue of the pool. A shout-

ing Russ Harris leads a group through 20 minutes of vigorous sit-ups, jumping jacks, push-ups, stretching. Each member then commences his prescribed jog or swim or ride on a stationary bicycle—true aerobics exercise.

The carpeted locker room, filled with shaving and dressing men, seems a distinctly salubrious place. There is no smoke. The air contains only the faint medicinal tinge of Osage Rub.

Seated in front of his locker is Bill Haughton, 49, president of Coastal Plains Inc., a firm that distributes industrial equipment throughout the Southwest. As usual, he has done the calisthenics and a quick quarter-mile run. "There is no history of people like me running," he says, "but I couldn't see any reason not to. The jarring is considerable but not unbearable and I can do three-quarters of a mile now. The legs are so much better for it." He slips off his sweat pants to reveal a scarred, warped right calf and a left foot and lower leg which are simply prosthetic devices. "September 1951, I was a Marine in Korea," he says evenly. "A Russian shoe mine caused the event. Lost the left and was 23 months saving the right with bone and skin grafts. I can move the right foot side to side, not up or down, so I limp. Then I broke the stump of the left in five places while I was skiing 2½ years ago. I laid my leg, with the ski still on it, over to the side in the snow. The ski patrol came and said, 'Oh my God, what happened?' I said, 'Well, my leg broke off.'"

Over cereal and coffee in the lounge, Haughton speaks of the Center's attraction. "There isn't anything harder than working against the flesh; if you succeed, that establishes a discipline, a confidence that lets you do well in management. But the real pull here is the quality of the fellowship in the early morning. These are not ordinary people; not everybody will get up at five for this. In fact, most people can't comprehend how you can do it, but for a guy with responsibilities it's the only time."

Told that viewing aerobics devotees as special, disciplined people seemed at odds with Dr. Cooper's intent of changing the lives of millions, Haughton smiles. "Well, you can't drag a guy out and force him to exercise," he says. "The Gospel, after all, is 'good news.' But at the same time, man is essentially rebellious; the tendency is to get off the track not on it."

The religious allusions are pertinent. It is a wonder that more doctors, baffled about why people don't do the things they know are good for them and continue with the bad, do not describe their patients as inherent backsliders, who need a vision (and perhaps an institution to interpret it) in order to keep to the straight and narrow. Says Cooper, "How much nicer it is to be told your coronary is due to hard work, laudable ambition and devotion to duty, than to be told it is due to gluttony and indolence." A staunch Baptist, Cooper believes that an improvement in physical conditioning sometimes hastens a spiritual reawakening. "There is an evangelistic zeal in both areas," he says. "I'm considering a point program for spiritual growth. People changing their physical habits are engaged in self-evaluation, an inventory in critical detail. It is natural that would extend to one's relationship with God as well."

A former Eagle Scout, Cooper often speaks of discipline. "I don't backslide because I don't feel good when I am inactive. We're trying to find why people abandon the program. They seem to be looking for an excuse to stop. There is a break in their schedule because of a trip or an illness, or they say it's 'not practical' in their neighborhood. I'm coming to believe that the backsliders have never known what it is like to experience true physical fitness."

The pizzicato roll of joggers' footsteps subsides through the morning. Women have the exclusive use of the Center from 9:30 to 11:30 but no children are permitted except, grudgingly, on Saturday mornings. "And even that might be a mistake," says Russ Harris. "The majority of our clients prefer that there be no children." At noon the lunchtime wave of executives arrives.

Tom McMahon, 28, is assistant treasurer of Bonanza International, which operates steakhouses. He runs three miles in 20 minutes, with an exuberant sprint over the last 200 yards. "This is what life is all about," he says, declaring it his ambition to run the Boston Marathon. "It's ego. It's to know I did that and to be able to tell other people I did it. But I'm young. This place is really for that wobbling gentleman there, and that overweight one. It gives you psychological support. It lets you find a suitable challenge. These are smart people. You run a

continued

# The petroleum industry most out of every drop of

## **Reddy Kilowatt had a bright idea.**

Almost 50 years ago, Reddy Kilowatt told everyone that electricity could make life better.

Today, we understand what an electrifying idea that is.

## **Our world has only a limited amount of oil.**

Oil makes up only a little more than 2 percent of our nation's fuel reserve, but it fills 44 percent of our nation's fuel demand.

Sooner or later, we're going to be without oil. We cannot afford to burn up the last drop of this precious commodity.

Besides a lack of oil for energy, there's another problem. We need oil for a number of petrochemical uses for which we have no substitutes. Plastics and lubricants.



# uses electricity to get the oil.

## Electricity can help save oil for uses that have no substitutes.

The petroleum industry can preserve its product by using less of it in production. It must use more electricity.

Today, up to 15-kilowatt hours of electricity are used in a modern refinery to process a barrel of oil. But in the future, even more electricity must be used. The reason, of course, is quite simple. The less oil used to produce oil, the more oil that can be taken to market.

## We'd like to help.

Westinghouse has the experience, products, and services to help the petroleum industry get more oil to market.

We have very sophisticated

control and instrumentation equipment to optimize production. And we make everything from a complete line of motors that pump the oil, to ultrasonic flow meters which tell you how much oil is on its way.

We would like to help you with your individual petroleum problems. We may already have solutions to many of them. If we don't, we'd like to work with you to solve them.

Just tell us your problems or areas of interest. Fill in the coupon and send it to us. We want to help the petroleum industry get the most out of a drop of oil.

You can be sure  
if it's Westinghouse

Westinghouse Electric Corporation  
Industry Products Company  
Westinghouse Building  
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15222



I am interested in talking to you about an electric economy and what it can mean to me.

My particular interests are in \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Title \_\_\_\_\_

Firm \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

SI-114



**Westinghouse**  
helps make it happen

total of 100 miles and they give you a buck-and-a-quarter T shirt. My boss is well-off, 53 years old, and he's as proud of that T shirt as anything in his life."

McMahon himself might be offered as a testimonial for endurance exercise. "I've gained *twice* by this. Before I ran I was sleeping eight or nine hours a night. Now I only need four or five. I can work 60 or 70 hours a week for the company and have just as much time with my family." It was McMahon's experience as a military aviator that impelled him to begin. "My input on America is that endurance is not our cultural thing," he says. "In Vietnam it seemed to me the 8-to-5 Americans just got beat by some 24-hour killers, little guys who went near-naked for years, who burned their bare hands holding mortars—while we were griping that the toilet paper wasn't fluffy. Texas society in particular is concerned with power, with size and strength. I guess it comes from this being a frontier place until the '50s. There is all this new money and a lot of insecurity. Manhood in a lot of places is still judged by how big you are, how you play football, by how much meat and beans and beer you can put away. I didn't feel like a man unless I weighed 220 pounds—until Vietnam. Now I plan to lead my life in a way that gives me some adaptability, some stamina."

In the afternoon the air thickens and the whine of cactoid mounts. The running course is deserted until about 4:30, when the afterwork wave of Mercedes and Cadillacs begins rolling through the front gates. Cooper often does his two miles with these men, running with a springy, fluid stride, knees high, shaking his wrists occasionally in an old track man's gesture of relaxation.

The Research Center's computer has found that those members who exercise in the afternoon slip from the program much more often than the early risers. One who has not is Ronnie Horowitz, 42, president of Southwestern Textile Company, a large wholesale operation. "This is my most important non-business hour," he says. "It's built-in, computerized, because the 170-pound dynamo you're looking at is not the man I was 16 months ago. I was 193 pounds. I'd have a big dinner and crawl away from the table and be conked out by the weather and sports. Now my Nancy is proud to tell people, 'We don't eat until

seven because Ronnie is running,' and I have no desire to sit after dinner. Why, Monday we played tennis until nearly midnight."

Horowitz doesn't believe that business executives as a class are more concerned with cardiovascular fitness. "The Aerobics Center has blossomed out because of stories like mine, not because it only appeals to a certain level of society. It's made up of executives and members of the medical profession simply because they are the groups that have been exposed to the truth that endurance exercise works, like it did on me."

Does it always? Are there people who because of background or constitution find aerobics exercise an ordeal with little or no reward? The Activity Center would not seem the place to find any, but here is Reuben Martinez, a gentle, engaging man of Mexican ancestry, lying beside the pool on a bright morning, waiting for the women to abandon the steam room. Martinez has just escaped the custody of Russ Harris, who earlier had startled him from his bed and taken him to a downtown businessmen's breakfast in honor of Kyle Rote Jr., who has trained at the Activity Center. "My wife asked, 'You're going to a breakfast?'" says Reuben, eyes closed, fingertips pressed to his temple. "'You just got in!'"

Martinez, who runs El Fenix, a chain of excellent Mexican restaurants, has far less sport in his background than work in interior design and the arts. "A friend who'd had a heart attack made it his job to get me to take the stress test," he recalls. "And Russ Harris . . . I know he simply wants to be my friend. I suppose that's the reason I have stayed around as long as I have."

Martinez does not respond well to the center's appeals to the competitive urge: "I will do what I think is enough for me. I'm not here to prove anything. I may be competing in other areas—in business or in raising money for charity—but not in running. How many times do I hear that greeting, 'How many miles today?' It's replaced 'How is the family?'"

Six months after joining the Activity Center, Reuben had stopped smoking, gained 16 pounds and about decided that he was involved in an unwinnable conflict of values. "I love fine food, society, the theater," he says. "There is a line from *Mom*, 'Life is a banquet and most poor SOB's are starving to death.' And

I'll tell you I am just not too concerned about heart attacks. I'm happy for those who seem to take so much satisfaction from avoiding them, and I surely won't pressure them into accepting my manner of life."

He falls silent, watching the wind ruffle the surface of the pool. Then he says, "If we have only so much time and we prolong it only through enduring unpleasantness, why bother to add the unpleasantness?"

Dr. Martin walks out from the clinic in an agitated state. He has discovered a huge, possibly fatal, colon cancer in one of his routine examinations. "The man's internist has been treating him for hypertension for four months." He says nothing further, but that doctor's culpability hangs in the air like chlorine over the pool. "It happens," says Reuben in a tone of forgiveness.

A member of the Center describes Martinez's participation this way: "Ole Reuben's just got his line in the water; he hasn't got any fish yet." The question remains, will he ever?

"That's the hardest thing, always, for the motivator," says Russ Harris, "deciding when to ease off. When do you give up on someone? When do you go at it again, harder, harder? I wonder what good I'm doing this man. It scares me."

Should some people just not exercise? "Eight or 10 years ago I'd have said no," Harris replies. "Now . . ." He turns in his chair to face the wall.

But caution is difficult for an evangelist. "Ken Cooper feels this is his mission," says his vivacious wife Millie. "He'd have built this Center in the face of threats to his life, and I'm with him totally [indeed, he has authored, with Ken's help, a spightly work of encouragement, *Aerobics for Women*]. We are missionary-minded. Even if people don't want it, we'll never stop trying to win them to Christ, and it's the same in our work. All you can hope for, when questions come up like this, is that the end justifies the means."

Perhaps the religious analogy so welcomed by Cooper in fact holds. He can no more imagine a single human living satisfactorily without aerobics exercise than he can one living without God. Upon both questions academicians still debate, but the masses have long since chosen their positions. In the upper-middle-class aerobics belt, doubters shall have no peace.

END

# Magnavox announces the most significant TV breakthrough since color. The STAR™ System.

A new way to watch TV...  
by computer. The Magnavox  
STAR System is a limited-  
edition color TV console that  
combines the convenience  
of remote control with the  
automation of a computer.

STAR lets you tune to all  
82 VHF and UHF channels  
...instantly, directly, silently.  
Without any fine-tuning. And  
without any searching.

To tune to Channel 15, for example,  
just press Digits 1 and 5 on the hand-  
held computer transmitter, and you're  
there. Electronically.

A large 15 lights up on the TV screen  
for three seconds to prove it. The num-  
ber then disappears so you can view the  
program without distraction. If you  
forget which channel you're tuned to,  
a Recall button reminds you by  
making the number reappear.

Other transmitter but-  
tons—On/Off, Volume Up,  
Down and Mute—combine  
to give you complete com-  
mand over your Magnavox  
color TV. And what a color  
TV it is!




Magnavox Videomatic.  
The exclusive color TV in  
every STAR. No other color TV  
offers so many advancements in  
design, workmanship and  
reliability:

- Super bright 25" (diagonal) black matrix picture tube for exceptionally bright, sharp pictures.
- Automatically adjusts its own

pictures to changing roomlight—for a  
great picture in any light.

- One-button tuning. The most com-  
pletely automatic you can get in any TV.
- 100% solid-state—no chassis tubes to burn  
out. Plus voltage regulators to protect critical  
components against powerline surges and  
"brownouts."
- Extra tested 24 straight hours for extra re-  
liability. Of the five leading makers of solid-  
state color TV's, only Magnavox checks  
each set this thoroughly.

It's no wonder so many  
Magnavox solid-state color  
TV models have been top-  
rated by leading consumer  
testing magazines in their  
latest reviews. See the  
STAR at your  
Magnavox dealer.

 What a difference  
watching a Magnavox.



When the 5:42  
turns  
into the 6:42...

Launch another  
Cutty.

FROM SCOTLAND'S BEST DISTILLERS  
THE BUCHANAN CORPORATION, IMPORTERS • NEW YORK, NY • IMPORTED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF)



**IT'S A  
GREAT  
PLACE  
TO BE  
ALIVE!**

**ALL AMERICAN**

**670**

**RADIO**

# NEW YORK LIFE'S FAMILY-STYLE POLICY.

Lets you insure the whole family—father, mother,  
even future children—for little more than  
it costs to insure the husband alone.



For many families,  
this is the brightest idea in life insurance  
in a long time.

Buy a basic New York Life insurance policy for your-  
self, and for a few dollars a year extra we'll add a Wife  
and Children's Insurance rider that will protect the  
rest of your family, too.

The basic policy must be for \$5,000 or more on the  
husband's life. Usually, this is Whole Life insurance  
that builds cash value.

With each \$5,000 of protection for the husband, the  
wife—for only \$20 a year more—can be covered by  
a unit of up to \$5,000 of Term Insurance depending  
on her age.

Each unit also provides \$1,000 of level Term cover-

age on each child under 18 years  
beginning the 15th day after birth.

And no matter how many children you  
may have in the future, there's no increase in premium.

A similar Children's Insurance rider is available for  
the one-parent family (either father or mother) for  
only \$5 per unit.

Family-style. It's just one of the imaginative  
approaches to life insurance your New York Life Agent  
can suggest to assure your family's fi-  
nancial security. See him or her soon.

**We guarantee tomorrow today.**



# "Continental Bank was there when we needed them and they're wherever we want to go."



"Continental Bank came up with all the money we needed to put together our business including the necessary operating capital. And they did it in the fall of '69 when money was really tight." Speaking is Douglas K. Chapman, President of Acco International, Inc.

"They've just worked beautifully with us. Right from the start we had a close rapport with decision makers who had a surprisingly thorough knowledge of our business.

"It is this kind of relationship that continues to be a major factor in the success of our international expansion. Continental Bank not only serves us from a financial point of view, but also from an advisory point of view. They're virtually everywhere we do business or want to do business. Supplying us with tax saving devices, business contacts, reliable research work, economic studies and information about foreign trade customs. That's what I really call a positive approach to service."

If you need help with your company's business plan, call Craig Carpenter at 312/828-8121 and see what profitable ideas he has for you.

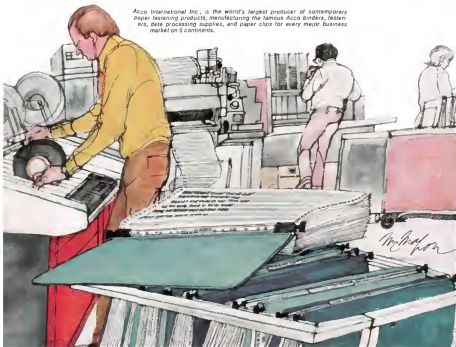


**CONTINENTAL BANK**

CONTINENTAL ILLINOIS NATIONAL BANK AND TRUST COMPANY OF CHICAGO

231 SOUTH LA SALLE STREET CHICAGO ILLINOIS 60699

Acco International Inc. is the world's largest producer of contemporary paper fastening products, manufacturing the famous Acco Binders, fasteners, date processing supplies, and paper clips for every major business market on 5 continents.



# There was a Grand American handing out cigars on September 25, 1950.



"Seven pounds, 14 ounces and all muscle," he said.

And they all laughed with him.

Then they drank to the health and happiness of his new son.

And, of course, to the new mother.

Everyone there was soon infected by his smile, and every father reminded of his firstborn, and the joy that was born with it.

Schenley was there, part of the celebration.

It was the best doggone whiskey they could get then. And it still is.

It still has the classic smooth taste of Schenley, the unique honest flavor, the heritage of celebrated good times.

And it's 100% American whiskey, the Grand American Whiskey.



## Schenley

The Grand American  
Whiskey.

**We've shared some good times together. Let's share a few more.**

Schenley Reserve American Whiskey. A Blend, 50 Proof. ©1974 Schenley Distillers Company, New York, New York



Every great city has its sound.

# stress



## It can dump Sunday and Monday quarterbacks alike.

**How to block it.** Try STRESSTABS® 600 High Potency Stress Formula Vitamins, a unique vitamin product especially formulated to treat vitamin deficiencies resulting from physiological stress. Injuries, chronic overwork, an infection, fever, too many martinis lunches, a bad cold, dieting, may cause nutritional deficiencies. Doctors recommend STRESSTABS 600 in physiological stress to help replace these deficiencies and maintain good nutritional balance.

### **Why stress can rob you of vitamins.**

Stress can upset your body's equilibrium and greatly increase your need for the water-soluble vitamins, B complex and C. Why these? Unlike the other vitamins,

your body doesn't stockpile them for emergency use. Under stress, your body may use up more of these essential B and C vitamins than your daily meals provide. **STRESSTABS 600 can satisfy increased vitamin needs.** STRESSTABS 600 is a therapeutic vitamin formulation that includes 600 mg. of Vitamin C. It satisfies your body's above normal water-soluble vitamin needs by providing above normal quantities

Vitamin B1 .....	15 mg
Vitamin B6 .....	15 mg
Vitamin B12 .....	.5 mg
Vitamin B1 .....	.5 mcgm
Vitamin C .....	600 mg
Niacinamide .....	100 mg
Vitamin E (as d Alpha Tocopheryl Acid Succinate) .....	30 Units
Calcium Pantothenate .....	20 mg

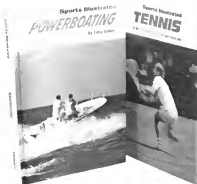
**And it's easily available.** You can buy STRESSTABS 600 at all drugstores without a prescription. Ask your pharmacist about it.

## Stresstabs® 600

High Potency Stress Formula Vitamins



A product of Lederle Laboratories



## Name your Game...

...and we'll send you a book that can help you improve it!

Over two million players, coaches and fans have already bought and used The Sports Illustrated Home Library to improve their sports skills. They've made it the Number One sports instruction series in America. And now, with its all-new format, new titles and colorful new editions, The Sports Illustrated Library is bigger, better—and more effective—than ever. Isn't it time you let our staff of top experts, coaches and star performers share with you their winning techniques?

### Choose from these exciting new titles... Colorful new editions:

**Badminton.** By Frank Devlin. An international champion shows how to master the game. Whether you play it on the backyard—or in competition—this book is for you.

**Baseball.** By Brooks Robinson, Harmon Killebrew, Dave McNally and other stars. A must for the developing player.

**Basketball.** How the game is played in the Pros and college—and how it is coached at UCLA. By the Editors of SI.

The **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** Library  
P.O. Box 8340 Philadelphia, Pa. 19101

Please send me the books I've indicated below. I understand that the price of each is \$4.50 (plus tax, if any). I also understand that if I am not fully satisfied, I may return any or all books within 30 days for full refund.

Title \_\_\_\_\_

My ☐ check ☐ money order for \$ \_\_\_\_\_ is enclosed.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

**Dog Training.** Housebreaking a puppy, teaching the family dog to do tricks, field training a spitzel, bound pointer or retriever? Here's the help you need.

**Fly Fishing.** By Vernon S. Hidy. A lucid, handsomely illustrated introduction to the art of this growing sport.

**Football Offense.** By Bud Wilkinson. Required reading for the player, coach, and fan of the '70s.

**Golf.** By Charles Price. A great teaching pro shows the beginner everything he needs to know about golf and how to play it.

**Horseback Riding.** Covers equipment for both horse and rider, riding styles, all the fundamentals. Even offers tips on buying a horse.

**Ice Hockey.** By Mark Mulvey. The basics of the fastest team sport known to man. For player, coach and fan.

**Powerboating.** By Tony Gibbs. A leading authority shows how it's done—safely! Must reading for anyone who owns—or would like to own—a powerboat.

**Skiing.** By John Acrome and the Editors of SI. Demonstrates the basic techniques of today's top skiers. For beginner and intermediate alike.

**Scuba Diving and Snorkeling.** By Barry Allen. An expert instructor takes you through the fundamentals of these intriguing sports.

**Small Boat Sailing.** By the Editors of SI. Everything you need to know to become a competent small boat sailor.

**Soccer.** By Phil Woosnam with Paul Gardner. Famous soccer men explain the fundamentals of the world's Number One sport—now the fastest-growing team sport in America.

**Squash.** A clear, concise introduction to a fast, exciting—and very competitive—game. By the Editors of SI.

**Tennis.** By Bill Talbot. The all-time great serves with the basics—grip, volley, backhand, forehand, serve—and goes on to reveal strategies for winning at singles, doubles and mixed-doubles.

**Track & Field: Running Events.** By Jim Dunaway. Designed for the millions of men and women who call themselves runners—whether they run in competition or just to keep fit.

**Volleyball.** By Bonnie Robinson and the Editors of SI. Dig, fake, kill, spike—see just a few of the terms and techniques explained in this new and comprehensive guide to an exciting Olympic sport.

Each new Sports Illustrated Home Library Edition—expertly and explicitly illustrated by SI artists and photographers—is available in hardcover for only \$4.50. To order simply "name your game" on the coupon at left and mail it—along with your check or money order—to The Sports Illustrated Library, P.O. Box 8340, Philadelphia, Pa. 19101.

Sports Illustrated Library paperback editions are now available at five book and department stores.

# Merry Christmas, Happy 4th of July.



Painting by Don MacKenzie for Sports Illustrated

Give Sports Illustrated for Christmas and your friends are going to be enjoying your gift as much next July as they did on December 25th.

Because Sports Illustrated is really a whole year of Christmas. It's 52 fresh surprise packages arriving every week of 1975 with the whole astonishing world of sports inside.

It's the perfect gift for anybody who loves sports—because SI captures every sport under the sun with superb color pictures and lively you-are-there stories.

**Sports Illustrated**



So right now, why not make the quickest, easiest shopping trip of the season? Fill out and mail the attached order card. We'll rush you beautiful gift announcements to sign and send. And we'll start your gift subscriptions right at the holidays, with our spectacular year-end double issue.

Make this Christmas season last through the basketball, hockey, baseball, track, sailing, golf, tennis and football seasons. Shoot your year-long gift order off to us today.

## Sports Illustrated. The gift for all seasons.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, TIME & LIFE BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611





# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## HERE'S TO MR. ROBINSON

Sir:

If Frank Robinson is able to put into action the ideas he has already put into words (*It's Always Be Outspoken*, Oct. 21), there is no doubt he will more than just succeed in his quest for managerial respectability. For sure, there are few who know the ins and outs of baseball much better than he does. Guiding the hapless Cleveland Indians to a championship would be a monumental task for any mortal—black, white or polka dot.

PATRICK J. WHITLER

Mr. Vernon, Ohio

Sir:

Frank Robinson will put the *win* back in manager.

JOHN C. BECKENSTROM

Wyoming, Ohio

## AFTER THE BALL GAME

Sir:

The day after the first game of the Series an NBC sports commentator described the game by saying "It had everything, including the phantom double play." Then, to my astonishment, he ran a taped replay showing a throw to second base caught by a player standing four feet from the bag! The umpire's thumb automatically came up and the TV commentator broke out his widest grin.

The point of the commentator's exercise seemed to be that such phantom double plays, where the bag is not touched, are a humorous but accepted part of baseball. I was stunned to see a high-priced, big-league umpire blow such an obvious call, particularly in a close World Series game. But even more shocking was the apparent lack of interest in correcting this blooper.

WILLIAM W. MORRISON

Richmond

Sir:

First baseball trade of the winter, NBC obtains Van Scully for Curt Gowdy, Tony Kubek and a mouth to be named later.

GREGG HUTVICK

Seal Beach, Calif.

## MACHINE AT WORK

Sir:

Robert Vire is to be congratulated on his detailed and incisive exposé of "Woody's Machine" in your Sept. 9 issue. I can vouch for the accuracy of his reporting, because my son was operated on by the Machine, while his mother and I became both participants in and eyewitnesses to the experience. We had meetings with members of the Athletic Committee Mr. Vire referred to, visited Mr. Galbreath's farm, visited the campus more than once, were wined and dined several

times, received constant attention from the coaching staff and a personal visit to our home by Mr. Hayes, along with a large dose of charm and graciousness. All of these events and experiences conspired, as planned, to overwhelm our teen-age boy and his parents.

A fitting sequel to Mr. Vire's article would be one that views the scene after "Woody's Machine" completes its task, and the object of attention becomes a piece of delivered merchandise. The sudden transformation from the ethereal world of recruiting into a disparate world of harsh realism is wonderful and fearful to behold. It is a world of despotic rule where human dignity is minimized and man's inhumanity to man is maximized.

MURRY JONES

North Olmstead, Ohio

## FIRST THINGS FIRST

Sir:

I was appalled to read (SCORECARD, Oct. 14) that the staffs of the service academies are considering the proposal to allow "talented academy athletes" to spend their active service over a longer period of time, enabling them to play professional sports at the same time they are discharging their obligations to their country. The stated mission of the Military Academy at West Point is to instruct and train each cadet so that he can progress and continually develop professionally throughout his career as a Regular Army officer. Intramural and intercollegiate athletics at West Point are designed to develop those physical and mental attributes essential to the professional soldier, and not, as Navy Coach George Welsh would have you believe, to develop professional athletes. It is time that the academies got away from the national schedule and exposure, and structured athletics to the purposes and missions of the academies. Despite the five-year service obligation and despite rigid height and weight standards, the academies can field representative teams, but the prayer that they can be competitive against such rich recruiting powerhouses as Notre Dame and Ohio State must and will remain unanswered. Should an academy athlete desire to play professionally, let him take the route of Mike Silliman, Roger Staubach, Joe Bellino and Bob Anderson, all of whom fulfilled their obligations before turning to professional athletics.

RICHARD L. EISENBERG  
West Point '67

Amherst, Mass.

## THE BULLS (CONT.)

Sir:

Giles Tippet's *Of Noble Rites* (Oct. 7) was nicely done, underplayed, and it caught

the routine drabness of those small border fights while never losing the inherent drama that exists in any corrida.

But please! *Goldensia* not *goldensar* (bulls), *dirceobello* not *dirceobellar* (*coupe de grace*), and, *por favor*, *Manolo* Martinez not *Manolo Martinez*. Even that splendid matador's most detractors would not say *that* about him.

BARNARD CONRAD

Carpinteria, Calif.

## THE WAY IT WAS

Sir:

I would like to commend you and Larry Keith on the fine article about Alex Yanevich and football at Alfred University (*Head Coach, Presses Model*, Oct. 21).

I was a student at Alfred last year and it was my good fortune to become acquainted with Coach Yanevich through participation in one of the golf classes that he taught. Besides being a successful coach, he is a kind, friendly and most entertaining person who is truly dedicated to Alfred and its students.

BARRY A. SCHIRMER

Plainfield, N. J.

Sir:

It's good to read that some college coaches still have a fine sense of priorities. Development of a boy's full potential first, the importance of winning second.

The article made me feel a bit guilty having cheered so lustily for my daughter's St. Lawrence 6-0 win over Alfred two weeks ago.

MELLY WARR

Scarsdale, N. Y.

Sir:

You failed to mention that Alfred had lost only four games in the last four years entering this season. They were awarded the Lambert Bowl two years ago. All this on a budget less than 10% of Ohio State's.

RICH DENTON

Medfield, Mass.

## BODYBUILDING (CONT.)

Sir:

As a bodybuilder currently competing at the local level, I must congratulate you for finally recognizing bodybuilding (*The Men and the Myth*, Oct. 14) as a true sport, not a freak show or male beauty contest. I feel training for physique contests is the most grueling sport, as far as discipline and intensity of training goes. Nutrition, rest and painful workouts are not seasonal preparations. It's a daily grind with no letting up. Your article ably captured the dedication and drive of men like Arnold and Franco.

STEVE DAVIS

Columbus, Ohio

continued



**WHEN YOU LEFT  
THE HAIR STYLIST  
YOU LOOKED GREAT.**

**BRYLCREEM SHOWS YOU  
HOW TO DO  
WHAT THE STYLIST DID,  
IN 4 EASY STEPS.**

**1.**

Styled hair needs to be groomed from scratch every day. Start with a shampoo, one that will not damage your hair when used every day. Like Brylcreem Once-A-Day Shampoo. It's pH is close to that of your scalp, so it cleans without disturbing your natural chemistry.

**2.**

Towel-dry until damp. The next step is blow-drying, but first protect your hair against heat by massaging in a little Brylcreem, the conditioning hairdressing. Use an amount no larger than the nail of your little finger.

**3.**

Now, get out your blow-dryer. The idea is to dry your hair and back-comb it at the same time, for a full, styled look. Lift and dry from nape to crown, up the sides, across the top, against your hair's natural growth pattern. Thoroughly dry one section at a time, using your dryer's "cool" or "style" setting.

**4.**

Place your hair as you wish, with just a brush. Then spray your hairstyle in place. If your hair is thick and hard to hold, use Brylcreem Power Hold® for extra long-lasting hold. If it's thinner, use Brylcreem Soft Hair® with Protein for firm hold with the conditioning benefits of protein. Spray lightly, keeping the can in motion.

Your hair looks terrific. And so do you. Thanks to what your stylist did yesterday. And what the Brylcreem group did today.



**BUT THE NEXT  
MORNING...UGH.**



**The  
Brylcreem®  
group.**

We've come a long way since "a little dab'll do ya."

# King George IV. The Scotch the Scots can't get at the price you pay.



You'd pay more for superior quality King George IV Scotch in Edinburgh than you do in New York. And you'd pay dollars more for it in Buenos Aires, or Paris, or Mexico City or wherever in the world people appreciate and drink great premium Scotch.

King George IV Scotch may possibly be the last value in the whole civilized world. It's the only premium Scotch that costs less here than there. Don't ask why. Enjoy it. Now, while you can.

**It costs less here  
than in Scotland.**

## 18TH HOLE *continued*

Sir:

The bodybuilding story was fascinating, but rather repulsive. A *carve* is heavy, not grotesque lumps and bumps.

LYNN P. SCHROETER

Chula Vista, Calif.

Sir:

Your article on bodybuilding and the pictures in it turned me off completely. I can't understand what they think they're trying to prove. I wouldn't want my man to look like that, and I think most women feel the same way.

PATTY AGUILAR

Corona, Calif.

## RATTLERS

Sir:

As one of a small group of devoted snake lovers, I was shocked and surprised at a glaring error in Bill Gilbert's article on rattlers (*Once Upon a Time*, Oct. 21). Though it is true that warm-blooded snakes are relatively common in the wilds of Washington, D.C. and New York City, I have never heard of anyone who actually spotted a reptilian example. Snakes with scaly bodies are cold-blooded.

It must also be pointed out that anyone who attempts to treat a snakebite by sucking out the poison with his mouth should first check that he doesn't have chapped lips or skin breaks in his mouth. Venom can enter the bloodstream through either of these places.

HUGH A. MACDONALD

Syracuse, N.Y.

Sir:

Bill Gilbert's well-written article on the rattlesnake was definitely the most enjoyable piece of journalism that I have ever read anywhere.

JOHN HARTSTOCK

Hollidaysburg, Pa.

## OFF THE LINE

Sir:

In your NHL article (*Off the Line and into the Chips*, Oct. 21) you rank the teams according to their relative strength. However, you have overlooked the fact that many other things besides talent go into a strong (and winning) team. If you consider these other factors—team and individual spirit, fan enthusiasm and support, mental attitude and coaching, to name a few—you will find the reason why "the Bruins may have more talent than Philadelphia, man for man, when you consider all factors, the Flyers must end up a stronger team than Boston, and hence be favored to repeat as the Stanley Cup champs.

GARY LIGHTMAN

Philadelphia

Sir

As a longtime fan of the NHL and the Philadelphia Flyers, I am shocked to note Coach Fred Shero's interest in the infamous practice of "blood doping."

Blood doping, as *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* explained long ago, involves an athlete giving a pint of blood a month or a month and a half before an athletic event, allowing the blood supply to build itself back up, then having the pint transfused to him or her a few days before the event. Thus the athlete allegedly receives an added "lift" from the extra blood.

I hope the league office, which has taken measures to keep the game relatively pure of amphetamines and other attempts to briefly raise a player's natural abilities, will inform Mr. Shero that such a practice as blood doping is unethical, if not illegal.

When shall we see the end of all these chemical and biological attempts to alter a player's strength and quickness, attempts that can only end in moral and physical destruction?

JAMES G. WALKER

Baltimore

Sir

In answer to Mark Malvey's NHL predictions, I endorse my own:

Most overrated team: Boston Bruins

Most underrated team: Buffalo Sabres

Most goals while standing still: Phil Esposito

Best losing team (Stanley Cup playoffs):

Chicago Black Hawks

Most overpaid player (defense): Brad Park

Most overpaid player (forward): Derek Sanderson

Most interesting team: Montreal Canadiens

Most ink: Boston Bruins

Most publicity: Bobby Orr

Best publicity agent: Mark Malvey (Boston Bruins)

T. N. WOODLICK

Baltimore

#### SAFER DRIVING

Sir

Having just finished Bob Jones' excellent article *Less Rules Roll Over In Oct. 14!*, I must say thank you for capturing the very difficult feel of Formula 1 racing.

Helmut Koinigg need not have died. I write not as an abolitionist but as a licensed competitor who loves the sport of racing very deeply. But our tracks can easily be made safer. Nelson Ledges Road Course, Warren, Ohio, has developed the Tirewall, invented by one of its trustees, Grover Griggs, into the best safety feature since rollbars and helmets. The track has held 30 SCCA-sanctioned weekends of racing by everyone from novices at drivers' level.

continued

Smokers of the best-selling  
regular size cigarette:

# CUT YOUR 'TAR' IN HALF



For  
king size  
ask for  
Lucky Ten

## LUCKY 100's

Full 100mm. long and only 10mg.'tar'

LUCKY 100's

Best selling regular size

Of all brands, lowest

'tar' 10 mg. nicotine av. 0.9 mg.\*

'tar' 25 mg. nicotine, 1.5 mg.\*

'tar' 1 mg. nicotine, 0.1 mg.\*

\*tar: Per Cigarette, FTC Report March '74

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

\*LUCKY 100's: 10 mg. 'tar', 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.  
LUCKY TEN: 25 mg. 'tar', 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report March '74

# To help stop Athlete's Foot more families buy Desenex® than any other remedy.

That's because anti-fungal Desenex contains a medically-proven formula that has successfully helped millions of sufferers. And the number gets bigger every year.

To help heal Athlete's Foot, use Desenex Ointment at night and Desenex Powder, or Aerosol, during the day.

When used routinely, Desenex provides continuing protection against fungous infection.



Also available in solution form.

©1974 Pharmacia Consumer Products

A PRODUCT OF PHARMACIA CORPORATION

## LIFE SPECIAL REPORT



A helicopter ride at dawn, sculling on the Schuylkill, steelworkers in Indiana, a midnight seance at Hollywood's Magic Castle...from sunrise to moonset, from Maine to Hawaii, here is a sweeping overview of our nation never before attempted. On Thursday, September 5, 1974 LIFE Special Reports deployed 100 top photographers to take a portrait of America as it approaches its 200th birthday. In a single 24-hour period they shot some 60,000 pictures — and from this rich take emerges the most vivid mosaic of our nation ever seen: the land, the people, the myriad activities of everyday America. It is a photographic master work to enjoy now, a unique record that will grow in value with the years.

ON SALE WHEREVER YOU  
BUY MAGAZINES.

### 10TH HOLE continued

schools to professionals in the national series in the two years the Tirewall has been erected around the track. There has not been one injury requiring hospitalization of a driver who has hit the Tirewall! If Watkins Glen had incorporated the Tirewall, Helmut Konig would be a little stiff and sore, not a memory.

The Tirewall is constructed of tires (naturally) stacked in an interlocking pattern. No special skills or equipment of any kind is needed. It works just like a big catcher's mitt by soaking up the energy of the car and stopping it in a short distance, not abruptly, as a guardrail is supposed to do. Big cars such as Camaros have knocked a couple of tires out of position when they hit the wall at 90 to 100 mph. Corner workers quickly replaced the tires between races and it was impossible to tell where the car hit. Formula cars have stuffed the wall in hard and have been out to compete in their next session after nothing more than a very careful check of the suspension.

DUANE F. ROST

Canfield, Ohio

### FOR SPORT'S SAKE (CONT.)

Sir:

I applaud your efforts (SCORECARD, Oct. 14) to get South Africa to allow all athletes to compete regardless of ancestry or pigmentation, but why not express similar sentiments about Scotland, where religion is the barrier?

A few years ago you pointed out that the great Glasgow Rangers soccer team will not permit Catholics to play for it. The Glasgow Celtic, founded by Irish Catholic immigrants some 15 years after the Rangers, will cheerfully allow Protestants to play on their team, if the Protestant will lower himself to do so. Some have

AUSTIN C. DALEY

Providence

### GOOD SHOW

Sir:

Because of the efficacy of television and films, the accuracy of pro football officials is sometimes open to question.

If the NFL were to combine the 25 most controversial plays of each Sunday's and Monday's game for a Wednesday night TV program during the season, show the plays from as many different camera angles as are available and indicate that either the official was right or wrong, or that the fault cannot be determined, I think it would be a super TV production.

GEORGE M. DAWSON

Shaker Heights, Ohio

Address editorial mail to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

# What a Lot of People Have Been Waiting For.



*"We're waiting for a car that's big enough for our family, but offers the economy of the smaller cars."*



*"I'm waiting for a car that's small. And sporty."*



*"We're waiting for a company that's willing to stand behind its cars for a full year."*

The new Small Fury combines room for a family of six with the ride and handling that you would expect from a much bigger car. You also get the operating economy of our smallest, lightest Fury. You can even forget about points & condenser, thanks to our Electronic Ignition System.

What you've been waiting for is the new Small Fury. It's sporty. With bright metal trim, sleek hood and roof line, plenty of glass area and a new grille treatment. You can have sport options like a sun roof, custom wheel covers and a console. The Small Fury, at your Chrysler-Plymouth Dealer's.

You can quit waiting. Here's "the Clincher." Chrysler's new 12 month unlimited mileage warranty. "For the first 12 months of use, any Chrysler Motors Corporation dealer will fix, without charge for parts or labor, any part of our 1975 passenger cars we supply (except tires) which proves defective in normal use, regardless of mileage." The owner is responsible for maintenance services such as changing filters and wiper blades.



## It's Here. The Small Fury.



*They don't change things much in Perth.*

A hundred years ago a guest at the Royal George tavern would sit in this window and watch the ancient river flow by the ancient city. He would also see a large crystal dispenser. It contained a fine Scotch whisky that was famous even then.

The guest today sees nothing very different. And he too enjoys a drop of the same grand whisky dispensed from the same generous container.

They don't change things much in Perth. Especially their whisky. They see no reason to.



**DEWAR'S**  
**"White Label"**  
*Dewar's never varies.*



This dispenser is the only one of its kind in the world. It is the only one of its kind in the world.

*Authentic.*

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF) • © SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y., N.Y.

*The facts in this advertisement have been authenticated by the management of John Dewar & Sons, Ltd., Perth, Scotland.*